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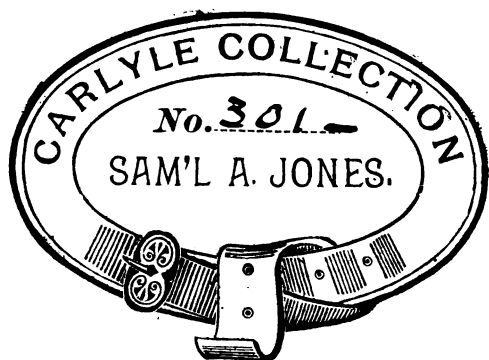
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The student of Carlyle
will find this book some-
what sandustish; and in
it are many errors of fact.
The spirit of the author is
commendable; his capacity
not quite contemptible.
S.A.J.

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THOMAS CARLYLE:

A STUDY.

BY

J. C.

MANCHESTER :

JOHN HEYWOOD, EXCELSIOR BUILDINGS, RIDGEFIELD, JOHN DALTON STREET;
AND 11, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, LONDON.

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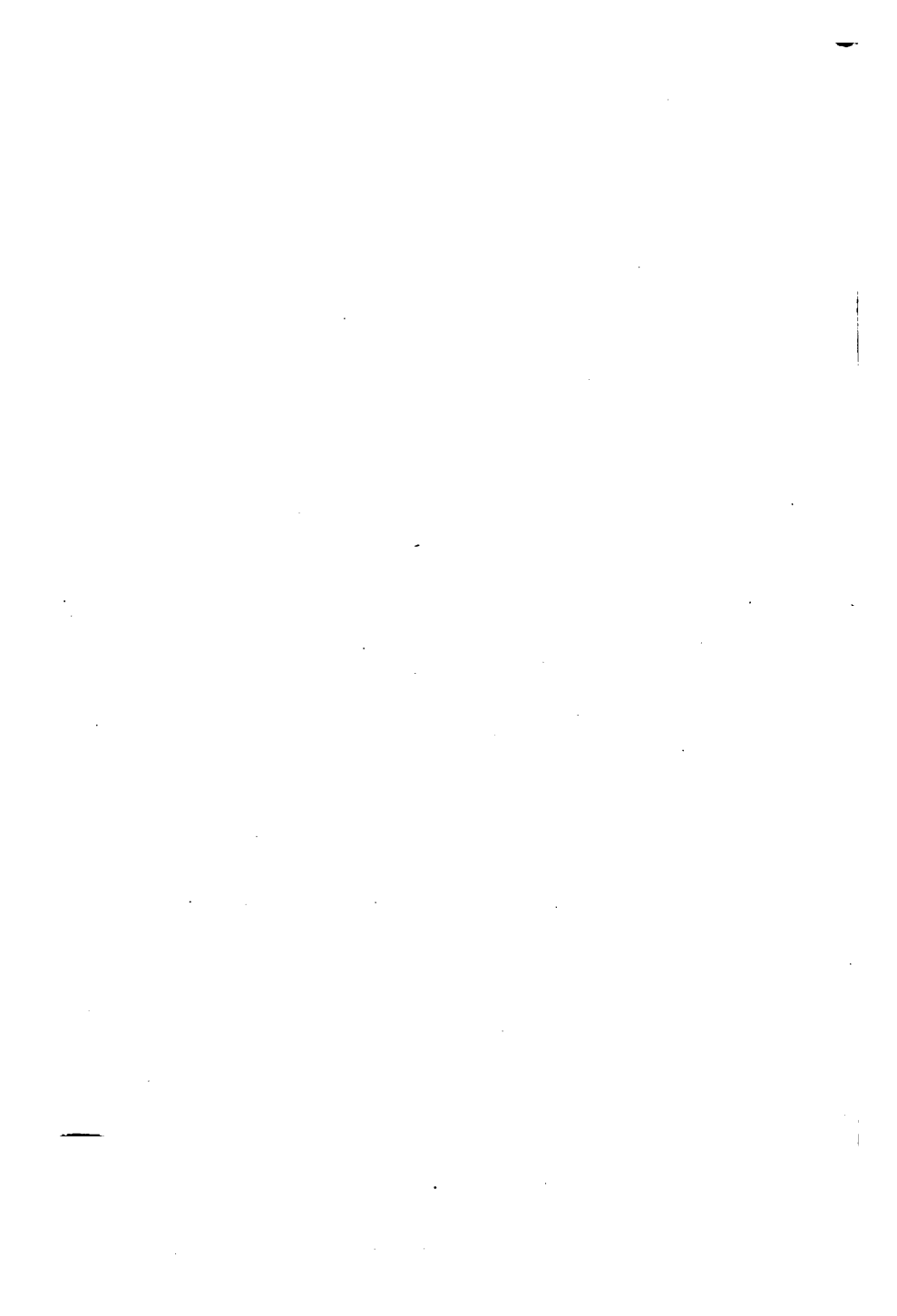
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P R E F A C E .

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THE present volume has been written to set forth the leading events in the career of Thomas Carlyle. It is not by any means to be looked upon as a biography. It is a sketch only, which may lead the reader to seek for more information about this remarkable man of letters. Now that he has bodily left us, men will try to estimate his real worth and power in the world. We have tried to illustrate some of the marvellous phases of his great intellect, and have reproduced some of the special truths he sought to enforce. The reader will find in him a most extraordinary man, whose life is full of striking and important lessons to the young, both of reproof and encouragement. As a writer and thinker he was unique.

J. C.



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THOMAS CARLYLE: A STUDY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

ON the fifth day of February, 1881, passed on this great Cromwellian prince of philosophy and letters. He leaves behind him a legacy of elevated thought and authoritative opinion, valued by his contemporaries generally as the highest expression of rare talent and genius. His intellect, of the highest calibre, was impelled by the spirit of a fine love of freedom and justice. The restraints of creeds and religious articles had no binding power upon his soaring thought. His soul was launched into the blue azure of free thought. He loved freedom for his own intellectual strength and the realisation of his philosophical ideals. Without it his radiant soul would have sunk, and night would have closed in upon his vision. Like all true seers he had his own peculiar light, which needed certain special conditions for its development. At first it displayed more strength than brilliancy, but afterwards it presented the grandest qualities of intellectual illumination. He was unlike Byron, whose genius came with an overwhelming rush, carrying all before him. His mind developed slowly, but, having assimilated

experience into the real fabric of his nature, he steadily unfolded the rich layers of thought which had been hatched there. The more he revealed and the more gorgeous became the splendour of his understanding. Thought-diamonds, sparkling in wild profusion, electrified the beholder with unspeakable admiration. The consummation of all his efforts was man as a progressive agent, and the solution of the divine enigma of his growth. The dry catalogue of human events was to him but the anatomy of things. He sought to comprehend the imminent divinity within, that clothed the rugged and ghastly forms with beauty. He was more than a scientific analyst—he dealt with and arranged the imponderable essence of thought, and his lancet revealed the order and harmony of nature. His soul was purely a contemplative agent. The loud hum of the city, and its dust, smoke, and thronged exchanges, were not suitable conditions to surround his spiritual nature. The country, with its wild, untrodden moors and solitudes, presented for him charms needful to the proper utterance of his spirit, and the true articulation of his genius. His grandest utterances were invoked by the spirit of silence, and his ecstasy provoked by the august expressions of solitude. The country and the silent study were the essential latitude of his sphere for the true articulation of thoughts. The metropolis and promiscuous society presented to his mind the realities of life and the phenomena of social and political competition. Books do not speak to the eye like the actual presence of men—the real actors in life. An hour in a London drawing-room of fashion, where the *élite* are gathered together, including aristocrats, statesmen, writers, soldiers, artists, the most fashionable preacher,

and the established beauties of the day, would be a scene to the eye of the true seer full of more actual thought and comprehensive utterance than the jargon of an Alexandrian library without this experience. Though solitude was his proper place, he could never have been so pre-eminently the real sage without this experience and contact with a babbling, vain, and contentious world.

His life commenced before the birth of the present century, and his career covers a space of time in which undying reputations have been made. He saw the light of day before the glitter and splendour of Napoleon I. had ascended above the horizon of European tragedy—before the senatorial eloquence of Pitt and Fox and the finished oratory of Burke had become inarticulate. He witnessed the rise and extinction of the marvellous Napoleonic dynasty. He was older than the union of the Irish with the English Parliament. He was a man before the epoch of railways and steamboats; was a friend of Goethe; and beheld the many political and constitutional changes of the present century. He was a boy of nine summers when Earl Beaconsfield was born, and twelve years old when Mr. Gladstone was born. In his departure we have the chain cut that bound us to the great men and writers of the last century. He leaves a chasm, a void in the continuity, in the real regality of intellect which can never be replaced. When John Stuart Mill, Dickens, Foster, Macaulay, and Thiers left us, there still remained to comfort us the weird philosopher of Chelsea; but, alas! now he, too, is gone—gone to the great majority! We would weep, but tearful regret cannot rebuild his physical temple of life nor call back his spirit to reanimate the corporeal

dust! He, though departed, is not gone to the eternally silent, to the speechless land of ghosts, but, as a personal intelligence, indestructible, he will live on through a profound and endless future. If we cannot grasp the tangible outline, nor behold the venerable man with mortal vision, in our inner consciousness and intuition we shall know the flapping of his wings. In inspiration the rill of his fine thought will act upon a living world, enlarging the deep horizon of its vision, and increasing the scope of universal and humanitarian enjoyment. If he had gone to a woeful annihilation, we would have wept red-hot tears, and the world would have met with an irretrievable calamity; but our sight is bright with the luminosity of satisfaction! We know the beams of his intelligence will have an eternal radiance! He leaves behind works of imperishable worth, in criticism, history, biography, and philosophy. These will ever remain eloquent. Like the hills, they will be steadfast, and utter for ever their music. Their poetry is an emanation of the soul of things. The indestructible effervescence of wit and satire will provoke a smile in the hypochondriac, and carry conviction to the mind through all time. His rugged charms will make us laugh when he laughs, and direct our scorn to the same focus with his. In describing others he has unconsciously described himself. In grouping the qualities and excellences of others, and estimating their true place in the temple of honour, the picture he paints, the pantheon he raises, do more honour to him than the subjects of his careful study and eulogy. His power of individual portraiture was exact. Of character he had a thorough insight. The nicer and finer qualities of mind he could discriminate as if

he perceived by some interior sense of intuition. The biography of John Sterling is a masterpiece. There are but few biographies in our language that are well written, but this is the best—a complete portraiture, an ideal reproduction of his friend without the nonsense and foolery of Boswell, charmingly affectionate towards the weak side of Sterling's nature, but judicious towards the literary or intellectual. He knew the inner man, the mind of Sterling, and breathed into his sad life the spirit of reality and thought. He wrote of his friend what he felt, and felt what he wrote. His mind undoubtedly was biased by strong feelings, but perhaps no man could give so many weighty reasons in their justification. So strong was his sense and penetration that he knew a man by the force of his intuition rather than by the more elaborate effort of his reason. He felt a man's soul more palpably than he knew the body so soon as they came together. This quality in his nature made him just the man to do a generous act of justice to two great men which the world had condemned and bespattered with mud and offal, the product of party bitterness and spleen. Frederick and Cromwell had long lain in the idle minds of selfish partisans and sluggish theologians as perfect personations of his satanic majesty. He had fine natural qualifications for taking up these men and washing the dirt from their god-like limbs. He buckled to the task, and did the work most efficiently. Of course enemies, unconvinced still, who never had been in possession of clear powers of discernment, went on as usual to malign and vomit their spleen on Frederick and Cromwell, and clear-seeing Carlyle too became the target of much dirt. Strong man as he was,

he did not know the feelings that others felt, and of which he had unconsciously become the agent to provoke. Justice will redeem from perpetual obloquy, by strong intellectual forces, her subjects who have been buried in shame and dishonour. He became that instrument in the hand of a moral providence, and completely did its work.

His "History of the French Revolution" will remain the clearest expression of his genius. It is an elaborate creation of his intellect in its palmiest days, when his vitality was equal to his enthusiasm, and it raises his position to the first rank of historians. Much has been written against the peculiar style of his composition, but it was a style that became, as a vehicle, the rugged and erratic thought cut loose from this great mind—a mountain in itself, like those shapeless hills of his native Scotland, cut by deep ravines, and coursed by roaring torrents, characteristically defying wind and storm.

The wisdom of "Sartor Resartus" did not take the affections of the world at once. At the time of its publication the world had serious business on hand, and could not be troubled with the mystic hieroglyphics containing the life and opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh. Revolution and reform, emancipation and slavery, were the jargon and the upheaval of liberty. Men had no time to attend to or stoop to read the unknown lucubrations of this new man's frenzy, while they had the greater frenzy of constitutional development to regulate. Some few did, however, look within the strange book, but read it not, and threw it down, unable to see merit or wealth of thought concealed in it. Its beauties could only be discerned by those who had eyes to see. Had it

been a book to inforce the payment of tithe in Ireland, or a defence of the ministerial delay, probably the book would have found readers. It was sadly out of time with the living spirit of those days, yet the book was not destined to come to an untimely end. There were in it vigour and vitality surpassing all the books on theology produced at that time, and it has lived out all its contemporaries. Its latent wisdom has become appreciated, and many a sad, incurable hypochondriac has burst his sides nearly with laughter for the twentieth time. Its irony and satire is unsurpassed. Its sturdy Teutonic framework shows how completely its author had become immersed in German thought.

Carlyle has oftentimes been arraigned at the bar of public opinion because he held none of the fashionable tenets of current theology. He naturally had no spirit for theology; his mind had gone beyond the realms of beliefs and creeds; he had stepped out into the verandah of a pure intellectual freedom, and torn away from his soul the last vestige of religious superstition. He was a true man, and religious sacerdotalism would have destroyed him; theology would have blighted all, and made him a stupid, helpless bigot. His critical acumen drove him out of the portals of the Church; his disbelief in religious dogma paved the way for the future philosopher. No man had more of the soul essence of true worship. His temple was nature. He listened to the imminent harmony of the spheres; the stars were his preachers; and he recognised that mysterious presence, that "unknowable potency" of substance, that binds together in one united harmonious whole the conscious and the unconscious atom. Reverence was a real power in

his moral nature. Beauty, greatness, and truth elicited his spontaneous love. Worship was the necessity of his being: its spirit created his great works. His admiration had the spirit of worship. His Teutonic ideals had all the freshness and vitality of Jewish superstitions. He was a truly religious man, but his creed was not made and defined by Church, nor upheld by bishops. Churches and bishops he let alone. He had the true spirit of truth and moral effort. The end of his labour, self-denial, and honour, was the general progress of man. He did not sing with the mouth psalm tunes without meaning or spirit. He did not address senseless and absurd petitions to an hypothetical creature who consigns some of his children to the happy felicities of heaven, and the great majority to the indescribable and eternal flames of hell. For gods of unjust vengeance, possessed of barbarous propensities of unfeeling destruction, he had no regard; therefore, in the limited orthodox sense, he was an infidel, and an enemy of popular theology.

When we consider the great change which has taken place since Carlyle's birth in current religious thought and toleration, it amounts to a moral revolution. He himself, perhaps, is more responsible than any other man for this great change. The Church has profited from free thought. It has grown to a wider state of life and comprehensiveness. Philosophy has been busy in its mists; German thought has made a deep inroad into the opinions of the clergy; and altogether we may pronounce the completion of a rare peaceful revolution. When the spirit of Christianity became tolerant it became liberal: when it becomes radical it will be more just. Atheism became abhorrent in the eyes

of pious people after the excesses and massacres of the French Revolution. Atheist and infidel are terms yet in some quarters denoting immorality and lawlessness, and associated with every form of evil and revolution. If a man raised conscientious scruples upon religion, and declined the authority of the Church upon logical grounds, to brand him an atheist or an infidel were deemed by the clergy and the believing laity to be a complete refutation of his objections, and an answer to all his arguments. It is quite recent that the evidence of an avowed atheist could be taken in any of Her Majesty's courts. No doubt the terror of religious anathema and social position have kept many back from making an open declaration of their want of faith in theological dogmas; and within the pale of the Church many are at heart thoroughly convinced of the inconsistencies and absurd assumptions upheld and regularly taught. Religious and social penalties hanging over their heads keep them outwardly tight, but the internal sense has expressed the uttermost contempt for the whole thing. It was at first a great effort for the mind of Thomas Carlyle to get through these influences; but as the conviction grew that these forms of belief were mere speculations, his innate love of truth and force of character set aside the maledictions of priests and all social contempt. He did not directly wage war upon the Church. He saw much that was good to recommend it as a political stay and source of order to the State. He saw in it, too, a great deal that stood in the way of true progress that time would change. He was in no great hurry to push matters too fast. On the other hand, the leaders of theology felt sure that this man would

cut out their foundations—notwithstanding their general recognition of his intellectual attainments and worth. If he had inspired a school, or led a party, the avalanche of the most idiotic opposition would have been let loose upon him. The volcano slumbered, as far as they were concerned. The leviathan was busy with the past—Cromwell and Frederick, and French Revolutions, occupied all his thoughts; therefore the Church was safe for a time. The philosopher in Cheyne Row could foam, and froth, and storm, but his ebullitions of temper would not shake, nor his erratic spark of genius arrest, the venerable authority of religion and the Church. The old man died, and Dean Stanley sought to enshrine his honoured dust where some of England's great men rest. Not so—he was borne by loving friends to his beloved Scotland, to do eternal honour to the spot upon which he sprung.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

THOMAS CARLYLE was the eldest son, of a large family—poor, industrious, and respectable. He was born on the 4th of December, 1795, at Ecclefechan, an insignificant village embosomed amid the moors of Annandale, Dumfriesshire, and made memorable by the presence of a noted alehouse much frequented by Burns, the Scottish bard. There was nothing prophetically significant occurred at the time of his birth—no noteworthy event calculated to herald the tidings of the birth of a world-wide preacher and prophet. No unusual phenomenon bespoke even a man of genius. No light in the sky, no supernatural manifestations, no obsequious ceremonies were paid to the new-born babe. But albeit many white-born babies have been born, and black ones too, that have met with demonstrations of welcome, amid the libations of wine, song, and congratulations, which have never even made in after life as much noise in the world as a happy field-mouse. Happy greetings of welcome, willing midwives, and the mixed incongruous medley attendant upon a royal birth, are shallow demonstrations of state show. The snow-white embroidered drapery, all carefully provided by delicate fingers, of the finest and most costly texture, before the grate, beaming with cheerful embers, in due order spread out, the attendants, and the doctors, all do not even aid in the slightest to make the babe a genius. These rare gifts of nature do not generally come into the fine embroidered linen, nor repose in happy infancy in silk-lined cots. The diamonds of the soul

come into out-of-the-way places—the peasant's cot and the shepherd's home more frequently than the feudal stronghold or the stately mansion. Elegance and ease deteriorate the race. Were Englishmen all gentlemen, we should all soon be savages. Labour vitalises both the body and the soul, and makes a continuity of bodily health and mental vigour possible. When a family for generations refrains from physical labour, it becomes debilitated, vicious, and the victim of imbecility and annihilation. On the other hand, contact with the soil, the farm, and the field, give strength of limb and conditions for the production of a powerful mind. That is the reason why the men of world-wide fame—the truly great men—have come out of the farmyard. Nature, with regular and constant uniformity, confirms this law. Carlyle had no hereditary aristocratic influences in his blood. It was not blue, but of a thoroughly natural red. He sprang from the soil. He ennobled the peasant's cottage, and he has added dignity to honest and manly labour.

James Carlyle was the name of his father. He was a man of sense, with a large head and broad intellect, and by trade a farmer and stonemason. Like his son, he had great energy and concentrativeness, and moral powers capable of high elevation. His spirituality had very clear intuitional visions that bordered upon the domain of abstraction. He loved solitude for reflection and the kirk for devotion. The stern forms of Calvinism defined the nature of his theology and the bias of his mind. He had the brisk and vivid power of speech, and the same vocabulary of quaint words as marked the phraseology of his son. He was splendid company when his mind was elevated. The vivid flashes of his wit and his

pungent satire made his society prized. Many of his odd sayings were handed from mouth to mouth over the countryside. His probity and Christian character stood high with the parish minister; and his son has said of him, "that, like Enoch of old, he walked with God." For him the son had the deepest veneration and respect. His constant study was the Bible; to conform to its precepts was his highest aim. As an elder in the kirk, he had the esteem of the people, and the "extant testimony," says a writer in the *Times*, "goes to show that Mr. Carlyle's father and mother were the finest type of Scotch country-folk—simple and upright, with family traditions of honest worth." There is no doubt that he was a man of unusual talent and ability for his circumstances in life, and afforded the natural conditions for the development of his extraordinary son. Some of the most fixed ideas in Carlyle's mind can be traced to the father. He threw around his son the fervour of his faith, from which he never became free. Had he chosen to do so, he might have made the mind of Carlyle—as James Mill made the mind of John Stuart Mill, his son—a perfect model of his religious and philosophical ideal. He could have completely hedged him round with the stern forms of Calvinistic faith, that would have made the preacher of Geneva revive again. No doubt, nothing filled the mind of the father with so much prospective pleasure as the hope that one day his son would attain the proud and honoured position of a parish minister. The vision of a world-wide fame, won in another groove of human effort, could never have invaded the realm of his hope, whatever might have been his dreams. Like a real father, he determined that his son should have a good Scotch

education, and have, as far as he was able to put in his hands, the means of securing a honourable and comfortable existence. This noble resolution he succeeded in carrying out, notwithstanding the heavy responsibilities of a large family.

The mother of Thomas Carlyle was a woman of well-developed brain. She had a good understanding and great force and determination of character. Her famous son always spoke of her in terms of unaffected praise—her rectitude, or homely virtues, and the pure sincerity of her life, making a powerful impression on his mind. Her virtues descended to her son. As her first son he brought her the first sense of maternal responsibility and love. But she was not a woman of mere sentiment. Her force of mind expressed itself more in the region of practical domestic effort than the less useful glow of blind maternal sentiment. She was a working man's wife, and could share the trouble and the hardships of a lowly life of honest toil. It was to her her natural sphere. She repined not at her lot. Higher and more elegant states of social life had never been hers to know. What would have killed high ladies of culture and delicate refinement, who now are found in fashionable society, was to her a perfectly normal pleasure—a domestic duty which she never dreamt of discharging in any other spirit than that of cheerfulness. Drudgery and servitude became agreeable by the force of associations and habit. As a young wife she did feel a justifiable pride in her child when the matronly neighbours described her "bairn" as like its father. Those ecstatic sensations in the maternal breast only come once in a lifetime, and Mrs. Carlyle, with her white frilled cap, and apron strings neatly tied, had her full complement

of them. She gave subsequently other children to her husband, to the number of seven. Some of their thoughts, too, have become articulate, and have made a little fuss in the world. She, poor woman, knew nothing about natural checks to population, nor Malthusian leagues—she rather fell in with the unsophisticated wisdom of the good Vicar of Wakefield, that it was far better to the State to bring into existence a large family than study political economy. Her life was under the control of religion, common sense, and feeling. If she by chance could have read all the high and fine “falutin” that has been written about population and the like, she would have made a bonfire of it in her farm-yard, and consigned it to eternal annihilation. She lived in Annandale, and what did Annandale care about political economy! The bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle on the shaggy hills were more familiar sounds to her than the braying of political philosophers in Fleet Street. Yet there lay inarticulate in her arms a philosopher in embryo greater than all the prating philosophers of Edinburgh or Cambridge, a nugget of pure gold dug from its parent mine, but not yet washed and polished. Some of her other sons won a slight fame; but perhaps they owe more to their more gifted brother for that than to the real worth of their own brains. Dr. John Carlyle did put his hands effectively to work in the translations of Dante. He was a scholar of considerable attainments, and his work met with authoritative approbation from men of classical culture and ability.

How the infantile mind of Thomas exercised itself, and gave signs of precocious intelligence, we will leave to the investigation of the unemployed and curious. Sometimes

the wily mother would be aroused from her work by the fact that Thomas had disappeared and been absent for some time. The little peregrinator, having determined on a journey of discovery, had made his way to the duck pond, to the intense alarm of his mother, who gave him a shake and started the pedestrian with his face homewards. He soon became strong enough to extend his rambles to the extent of the garden, and familiarise himself with the exterior of the house and its surroundings. With wondering curiosity he gazed upon the rugged outlines of the hills, the horizon bounded not the limits of his fancy, nor did even longer journeys satisfy the cravings of his mind to see this curious Annandale world. These adventures were the first breakings in of light, the sunrise of that orb which had to light the chaos of the world. With sinless pride did his mother take him to the kirk, the cheerless walls and suggestive roof of which attracted his attention. As sermons were not made for little souls to understand, it was all his mind found attractive to yawn and stare, to sleep, and knock his feet to the annoyance of the preacher when he was rounding off a finely-finished period; it was all he could do to express his contempt for all forms of inanimate theology. To take him to church was a Christian duty that these fond parents could not neglect; to bring his mind into vivid contact with the leading truths of religion was a duty so obvious that even the minister could raise no objection, had he been inclined ever so much.

The vale of Annandale is more widely known now than those unfrequented nooks and valleys were in young Carlyle's days. Those bare hills and gloomy moorlands are often climbed by the anxious seeker after health and appetite from

distant hives of manufacturing industry. It was in their health-giving embrace, over their bare, rugged surfaces, that he advantageously spent the first years of his life. The cheerful sky, broken mountain scenery, and bracing winds aided the growth of an organic development of great endurance and tenacity. In every sense an ordinary boy, he showed no signs whatever of the future man. He was not a clever boy. His mind grew slowly, as his body grew more compact and solid. During these few years of Carlyle's infancy James Carlyle and his wife were busily employed with their farm. The sheep and cows and the common drudgery attending them, and the incidental cares in the life of an agriculturist, made the life of the worthy couple anxiously active. Economical rules had to be carried out, and a spirit of pure frugality obtained in this simple household that was found to be of great service, as family cares continued to increase with the little Carlyles that regularly began to be introduced into the family, somewhat after the manner of some books which are regularly taken in in a single number at a time. It became necessary for Thomas to be sent to some school. He had become of some use at home, but his services could be easily dispensed with. His mind had received some attention from his father in the direction of assistance to overcome the tremendous difficulties of the alphabet. Thomas was a willing student, but the strange curves and angles, with all their hooks, could not readily hook themselves upon his mind. He liked the sheep and the horses best, and to sail paper boats upon the duck pond. But he soon grew to know the mysterious hieroglyphics of the English tongue, and spell out with difficulty the alphabetical signs of his name.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOLS—HODDAM, ANNAN, AND EDINBURGH.

It is interesting to trace a river to its source. The mazy, mysterious Nile wanderings of Speke, Livingstone, and Stanley, have a charm of wondrous freshness. The eye falls upon new scenes of *terra firma*. Towering lively hills, sodden sulky plains, meandering rivers like threads of glittering silver, here and there a cluster of huts called by somebody a home, towering trees of luxuriant foliage, buttercups and pinks, other flowers with beautiful but unfamiliar hue, fields stretching a long way clothed with rich but uncultured verdure, and hedge-rows of grand but natural uncultured growth, when seen by the eager eye of the traveller for the first time produce sensations of the purest delight. These powerful and picturesque conditions produce the involuntary reflection—What must have been here to do and control these mighty natural works? How came these people to know and settle upon these unknown solitudes? What strange mysterious history lies here unspoken—uncommitted to the tablets of undying history? A great mind, like the dark untraversed continent, has its Nile waters flowing along with measured volume from the domain of unexplored consciousness. The hills and the valleys, the rivers, the woods, and the fields invite the closest study and the acutest analysis to portray the real, the true, the picturesque character of the mental forces that constitute the complete man.

Here we have a soul wonder, a grand spiritual phenomenon

that will be exhibited and gazed upon by man for all time : a mind that by its natural motion turned out volumes, as copious as the Nile, of the deepest wisdom, by a single movement of its Herculean energies ; its untold power of prevision and anatomical penetration unbared the spiritual and interior states of human effort, compass, adaptability, and power. The moving minds of men he read like a newspaper sheet. The glance of his quick eye revealed the cracks, the flaws, and the besotted madness of the slow helpless thing called the world. The true history and culture of this picturesque intellect will be pursued with eagerness by hosts of men and women. There were silent chambers in his soul that even the most curious can never be permitted to enter. His own unspoken self is shut up in the dark speechless arcana of immortality. He has opened the doors of his audience chamber to the pattering feet of the world, but few are the privileged that have entered into the secret soul-sphere of the man himself. Great and voluminous as are his published works, the unwritten spirit covers a broader and brighter horizon. These possessions belong to himself. To his private life the impertinent curiosity of the inquisitive reader can have no ticket of admission. Such a one can steal into the old schoolhouse of Hoddam and look over the shoulder of Master Carlyle as he is busy solving the artistic difficulty of tracing pothooks and ladles. Those rickety attempts at caligraphy are the first formations of his genius. As yet he has no knowledge of Darwin and evolution, but these strokes are the generic, the elemental formation upon which all the afterwork rests. Look at the heavy-headed boy, as he sits upon the wooden bench,

which said wood is to be clandestinely carried away to make paper knives and snuff boxes in after time, as mementoes of him and his pothooks and ladles ! (That dull school-house will live in the memories of men, without honour to the builders thereof, but that boy, heavy and thoughtful, on his Nile waters is to float out to the ends of the earth, and to be heard of and thought of by wise men.) There is not much apparently in him yet (there is not much water at the commencement of a river), but he is industrious ; he can patiently work ; and no great man ever became notable without these qualities. As difficulties are overcome he ascends and becomes busy with elementary reading and arithmetic. His pronunciation is Scotch, masculine and strong. He is never destined to be anything else but a real Scotchman. The feminine softness of southern articulation is never to be his characteristic. He still is progressive. Hoddam is becoming too insignificant. He has to leave it now, but he does not care much for that. A school is the world in miniature, and the Burgh School at Annan now opens its door to receive him. There was not much excitement here. The pedagogue had matters much his own way. Occasionally he had to enforce coercion, and suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, to put down abortive revolutions against his authority. But our subject was loyal. He never kicked over the traces, nor became the companion of secret conspirators. He kept his eye upon his real work, and made satisfactory progress. It was under these school rafters that he found his first friend—a boy much his senior, destined, too, to make a smoke in the world—Edward Irving, full of sympathy, imagination, and love. They

shared their mutual difficulties. Their evening walks were pleasant: heart to heart was endeared in the study and admiration of the modest beauty of the Vale of Annandale, and the newly-awakened pleasures of study. Young Carlyle spent much of his leisure time in solitary walks and meditation. His mind seemed to unbend itself to the speechless hills, and the musical symphonies of the mountain streams. Solitude is the highest charm that a philosophic soul can feel. His mind was busy about future studies, and his approaching University career in the Northern Athens. At the early age of fourteen he commenced his University studies. The Edinburgh University was then at the climax of its fame, and its associations brought the young mind of Carlyle face to face with a new world. Venerable forms, historical associations, and classical reminiscences, inspired by the ancient city, grew in poetical proportions in his active imagination. Calton Hill, overlooking the dilapidated and picturesque architectural anatomy of Holyrood Palace, once the abode of an illustrious line of Scottish kings, its solemn Doric proportions falling silently before the effacing hand of time, would make a due effect upon his love of the romantic. His poetical sensibilities and retrospective sight would see it as a gorgeous theatre of display and royal animation, under the sad reign of Mary, Scotland's heroic and beautiful queen! His eye had not the deep penetration of his acute aftersight; but his juvenile sensations would convey the tender impression of a fallen and departed greatness, a weird outspoken teacher to ecclesiastics, statesmen, and kings, of the emptiness of human greatness. The castle, too, upon its towering

eminence looking down upon the huge, busy city below, the Grassmarket, and the ancient kirk in which Knox denounced the evils of Popery, all lay within the compass of his eye. Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, and the far-extending meadows, on the other hand, were prominent objects in the romantic landscape. Many feet have walked through the city since then, and many objects now exist as monumental tributes to human greatness that then had no existence. Burns and Scott have had stones piled on one another to honour their marvellous talents that did not then arise in their artistic proportions, meeting the eyes of the rich citizens as they drove down Prince's Street.

Edinburgh was just the place for Carlyle to awaken the deeper sensibilities of his nature. The University itself had for him no imposing volubility or philosophical utterance. Its learned professors either were unacquainted with their scholar's peculiar mental aptitudes, or there prevailed a cold non-elastic system of discipline unsuited to the feelings of Carlyle, or it might be a combination of both conditions. The fact was, they never succeeded in drawing out any degree of warm affection towards the University from him. Some minds are stimulated to greater activity by the honours held out to a prosperous University career, while others have a fresh and continual flow of vitality that an honourable career at a University cannot aid or expand. The mind of Carlyle belonged to the latter class. His mind unbent itself best to labour in solitude, when the azure of its own atmosphere radiated the strong light of its own thought. The enthusiasm for study was natural to him. Hence, to the boys of his own age he was a mystery—a wandering abstraction, with little

or no sympathy for the ordinary pleasures and enjoyments of youth. But he by no means was an unhappy boy: his happiness was constituted of material which is usually rejected by the regular pleasure-seeking world. The unsubstantial frivolities in which the University student generally chooses to indulge were far beneath the standard of his calm judgment. This characteristic arose not from any melancholy effects which severe religious restraints might have had upon his mind, but from a natural, peculiar soberness of thought, extraordinary in one of his years. The University at the time he entered it was presided over by men of very high attainments and European reputations. The chair of moral philosophy was held by the clever and acute Dr. Thomas Brown, and that of natural philosophy by Playfair. The chair of mathematics was occupied by the short-tempered and cantankerous Sir John Leslie. Carlyle had a liking for mathematics and the college professor, but for the others he conceived something like contempt. As he took no part in the amusements of the University, he took little part in its more serious proceedings. His name is not mentioned in the proceedings of the Speculative Society, a society in which young aspiring rhetoricians of the college exercised their forensic abilities. Some of our greatest senators made their first essays before its members. Brougham's ponderous but effective logic shot out its first roots in this society, notwithstanding the high place it occupied in the minds of the students generally. Its wrangling arena had no effective enticements to Carlyle. His idea of a University was that it was a great collection of books. With this idea he read all that came before him, and ransacked the city libraries

for what books they had in them. His voracious appetite swallowed the reading matter of the circulating libraries, and also one founded by Allan Ramsay, the author of "The Gentle Shepherd." The information he thus acquired was of course promiscuous but enormous, ranging over all manner of subjects, which taxed the powers of his retentive memory to keep—history, theology, philosophy, biography, poetry, and travels. His taste emphasised moral philosophy, biography, and history, and were leading traits in his mind in after life. He left the University, like John Milton left Cambridge, with no great love for its method of imparting knowledge and training the mind. Its sessions had been to him a source of disappointment, and he left its venerable precincts without regret. His own strong, masculine words, descriptive of Teufelsdröckh's University, are probably a picture of a state of disorder which existed in the University of Edinburgh in his time. He says:—

"The University where I was educated still stands vivid enough in my remembrance, and I know its name well, which name, however, I, from tenderness to existing interests and persons, shall in nowise divulge. It is my painful duty to say that, out of England and Spain, ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered Universities. This is indeed a time when right education is, as nearly as may be, impossible. However, in degrees of wrongness there is no limit—nay, I can conceive a worse system than that of the nameless itself, as poisoned victuals may be worse than absolute hunger.

"It is written, 'When the blind lead the blind both fall into the ditch,' wherefore, in such circumstances, may it not sometimes be safer if both leader and led simply sit still? Had you anywhere in Crim-Tartary walled-in a square enclosure, furnished it with a small, ill-chosen library, and then turned loose into it eleven hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about as they listed from three to seven years—certain persons, under the title of professors, being stationed at the

gates to declare aloud that it was a University, and exact considerable admission fees—you had, not indeed in a mechanical structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect resemblance of our high seminary.

A more crisp satire could not well be written against an educational establishment in the metropolis of Scotland as it existed in his time. The years, however, which Carlyle spent at the University were not barren of result. He had meditated much, he had read a great deal, and he had laid the foundation of sound habits of thinking, as well as secured a sound mathematical knowledge. The habit of constant systematic study and reading which University education is supposed to beget cannot be put down as the least important effect of his sojourn for awhile with the Edinburgh doctors. In all, he had spent four years in the Modern Athens, and it was time he began to cast about, that his eye might fall on one of the learned professions as a life-calling, for James Carlyle, in Ecclefechan, by this time wanted him to be thinking of grist, and doing something in the way of return for the many outlays made on his behalf. Eighteen is an age when a young man should begin to lay down some scheme for life, and relieve parental anxieties if possible. This Thomas had a desire to do, but we can excuse him even if he had not fully made up his mind, or even if he did not know his mind, at this important and embarrassing time of life. What with the hurly-burly of reading, lectures, and study, and grave doctors, with certain flimsy doubts and fears, the atmosphere was hardly the one for returning an immediate and decisive answer, nor relieving his mind of distressing anxieties anent the future.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTING ABOUT.

JAMES CARLYLE had solemnly, in his own inner thought, pictured his son in the Church, teaching, exhorting, and expostulating with thoughtless and zealous sinners from the severe confines of a Calvinistic pulpit. The highest calling that his eye could see, or his heart desire, was his son's settlement in the bosom of an affectionate congregation of Scotch Presbyterians, devout and ready learners, and meek followers of the Lamb of God. The mind of an humble and lowly Scotchman could see nothing higher or more honourably consistent with his conception of the possible. In his night dreams he might have thought of other pursuits. Scarcely could he have thought of a political career for him, and the legal profession was beset with so many difficulties and professional delays that his bewilderment subsided into order, and his son must (and it was the will of God) accept the inevitable and providential—that is to say, put on the mantle of an earnest parish minister. But even the best hatched schemes sometimes are destroyed by a something which men have called providence, fate, necessity, destiny, law. The student, big, nearly bursting, with his ponderous reading resting on his brain, knew the true beatings of his father's pulse, and actually, consciously or unconsciously, was hatching the eggs of spiritual disappointment to him. Four years in the chaos of University life had wrought a change in the spiritual aspirations of his soul. With changed associations came fresh spiritual environments; and, moreover,

dreams and phantoms, new and old, alternated, showing a sorry depletion in his spiritual stature. The Church had vanished meanwhile into the headless impossible. Though destined to be a prophet of God, he had not to wear the fashionable Jewish vesture. His mantle belonged not to the royal house of David, nor had his charter of faith to contain the "Westminster Confession."

The fact was, his mind had recently grown into a positive dislike of theology, and all like superstition. He says :—

"Now that I had gained man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's kirk, and it was needful I should now settle it. And so I entered my chamber, and closed the door, and around me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abyssal depths of the nethermost perdition. Doubt, fear, unbelief, mockery, and scoffing were there, and I wrestled with them in agony of spirit."

In this lost phantasmic state the Church had to be given up. His soul had to walk out into that larger church—nature, where the divine harmonies articulate, in the uniformity of law. His spiritual atoms cohered for another end, but as yet he could not put them into intelligibility. There lay in chaos many plans, but as yet unspeakable. He had in him fine capabilities for fighting the empire of darkness, and leave order where disorder had been, and make grass grow where none had grown before. He was luminous and ready to commence the arduous ascent of the hill of life. He had his way to make and many rocks and brambles to remove, but he was ready, and withal was a brave climber, and, beyond right, cared for nobody. Of books he knew a great deal, but of men, little. Men are not studied between the walls of a college inclosure. Of the world he had no experience, for he judged men by himself, and was wrong. Time

will rectify this defect in all. His experience soon gave him another measure to appraise the true worth of mankind.

Besides all his reading, he had heard the jargon of modern Christian and rationalistic controversy. Those terrible and mysterious phrases, "God's Absolute Sovereignty," "Eternal Decrees," "Eternal Sonship of Christ," "The Trinity," "The Personality of the Holy Ghost," "Saving Faith," "Election," "Faith and Works," "Sanctification," "The Atonement," "Revelation and Miracles," "The Infallibility of the Bible," "The True Constitution of the Church," "Church Government," "Creeds," "A Paid Ministry," "Infidelity," "Deism," "Rationalism," "Materialism," "Cosmical Changes," "Creation," "Will and Necessity," "Consciousness," "Soul," "Immortality," "Propagation of Species," "Natural Selection," "Evolution," and other disordered philosophical radicalisms, had been buzzing for long in his puzzled brain, to the injury of his stomach and the repose of his faith. Many of those old settled milestones of faith were taken up and thrown out of the way as misleading—in fact, his mind was ploughed with a new faith. Doubt usurped the place of faith. In following the logical method of Bacon, Locke, and Dugald Stewart, his belief in the supernatural was given up, and the speaking forms of religion were put under his feet. With a state of mind that may be described as unsettled, he could not, consistently, longer continue to hold out expectations of entering the Church. His state of mind was severely deplored by his father. Unbelief was something that even his broad sympathy could not approve in his son, yet he could not compel him to believe. He had trust that God, in His own sovereign good time,

would call him by an effectual calling to be one of His chosen ministering saints. His state of mind was in every way honest and honourable, but to have concealed his real opinions and assumed belief would have destroyed his happiness. From a want of honourable self-respect, thousands of young men in holy orders have made martyrs of their consciences, and have commenced in a wrong career, which act has been to them a cause of regret and mortification all their lives. This manly resolution on his part must provoke our admiration, at least for his virtue, however much we may regret the character of his conclusions. At the time, wise-acres would proclaim his youthful folly, but the results of his industry have left us treasures of thought expressed in such a garb that could not have been assumed with the author in a Scotch pulpit. The loss of the Church is the gain of humanity. Emancipation from priest and creed brought his thoughts into the conscience of the world. Had he taken the wished-for course, he might have become a moderately entertaining preacher in a country village. His pastoral duties would have left him time to read and meditate, but his reading and meditation would have been in the old avenues of theology. He could never have launched out into the wide ocean of Germanic philosophy and speculation. He would not have become *en rapport* with Lessing, Schiller, Weiland, Kant, and Goethe. England, through his services, would not have, at least for another generation, come into real contact with the profound and beautiful literature of Germany, which even to the learned in England was hardly known, and certainly not appreciated, till the magic spell of his genius made it speakable.

He was led directly to the true source of his power, and real goal of his effort, by an internal instinct of providence, that gave him light and guidance in his researches after wisdom and truth. The Protean shape of his intellect adapted him to the study of German speculation, and his sympathetic spirituality raised him far above vulgar conceit. He rose in grasp and force through his power to assimilate and take hold on higher and growing forms of truth. Such a spirit could not be bound, not even with the green withes of Samson. Perfect mental food was essential to his mental activity. He cannot be criticised for the want of belief. There attaches no dishonour to a sincere profession of infidelity, or even atheism. An intelligent belief is entitled to respect. While narrow bigots may lament over the wayward character of his genius, the learned will love him all the more. When weighed in the balance, his possible pulpit worth in one scale, and his now accomplished literary worth in the other, his pulpit worth would instantly kick the beam. It would be a ton of gold to a grain of tinder. Then, on taking stock of himself, as unfit to assume the sacred profession of religion, he wisely threw up the sponge, and determined to look out for some other channel in which he could get under way. But what useful work can a real literary man turn aside to do. He cannot become a drudge, a hod-carrier, or a drawer of water, but he must do something to keep a roof over him and food in his stomach—he must attend to something which brings grist. The first thing that he finds ready for his willing hands to do, he sets about it. He is back at his father's house, and finds engagement as a teacher in the school of

Annan, in which he was a pupil, and in which now he becomes the mathematical instructor. The monotony of a country school was not suitable to his contemplative spirit. When not otherways employed he would take long rambles alone, following the bent of his own dreams, which had in them a forecast of his own destiny. His stay at the Burgh School of Annan, however, was not long. He found a better situation at the Burgh School of Kirkcaldy, where he became mathematical and classical tutor. His friend Irving had been here some little time, busy with an academy, in which he taught some of the languages and mathematics; and probably one of the main attractions to Carlyle in the Kirkcaldy programme was to be in familiar conference with Irving. Their letters to each other breathe more than an air of friendship. They were in the deepest sympathy with each other; they ran in conversation together round the whole sphere of knowledge. The light of the ancient past was placed in comparative juxtaposition with the present, politics were reviewed, religions contrasted, the errors of States put right, and the delinquencies of mankind adjusted, in a two hours' "confab." It was the enthusiasm of genius emitting mutual sparks, in the soul sphere of which lay latent dark mysticisms, "Teufelsdröckhs," "French Revolutions," &c., awaiting suitable circumstances to express themselves. Carlyle was not shaped for a schoolmaster any more than for a theologian—though under way he had not found the right track. After about two years' experience he gave up with disgust, having acquired a reputation for harshness in the discipline of the school. While here his time had not been lost. It was experience outside of books

he needed, and the trials and difficulties he encountered there took the glitter and fancy away from life, and made him realise more fully the necessity of coming close to the realm of common everyday things. He soon got rid, however, of the gilt put upon him by University affectation, and became a real hard-headed worker in the struggle of life.

CHAPTER V.

UNDER WAY.

WHEN Carlyle lifted up his eyes from the schoolhouse of Kirkcaldy to the scene of his academical experiences in Edinburgh, the city was lighted with a galaxy of literary talent of rare glory, including Lockhart, Jeffrey, Wilson, Maginn, and Sir Walter Scott. Jeffrey was at the head of the bold and dashing *Edinburgh*, which had made itself a real power by the force of intellectual ability. Wilson was letting loose from his romantic fancy tales of Border warfare, charmingly expressed. Sir Walter Scott was copiously draining the mighty resources of his wonderful imagination to please the palate of his world-wide readers. These persons at that time might be seen strutting about the High Street, mingling with the gaping crowd, taking an airing after a day's labour in the summer time; now and then stopping for a moment before the old Parliament House, or St. Giles's, to listen to the Gaelic jargon of angry religious and political controversialists that habitually obstructed that busy thoroughfare. On a lazy summer day they might be seen together dining at the famous Rosslyn hostelry, or down in the picturesque and romantic woods overhanging the Esk, or by Drummond's ancient seat of poetic inspiration, relishing a taste of the true ideal of a happy country life. But these glimpses of country scenes were mere snatches taken out of a busy literary life, which afforded little time for hearty rollicking country fun outside the Heart of Midlothian.

Carlyle came to Edinburgh at this time to commence his

long literary career. He did not enter the famous city as Samuel Johnson entered the metropolis of the south, friendless and penniless, in search of a market for his wares. He went there because it was to him the proper place, as a literary aspirant, to live, and where he could most probably meet with employment. Sir David Brewster was in need of help. He had on hand the enormous work of editing the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." He employed Carlyle to furnish sixteen articles on geographical and biographical subjects. Carlyle set about his work, and did his best. They presented, however, none of that personal and characteristic power which his writings afterwards had. His biographical articles included lives of Sir John Moore, Dr. Moore, Nelson, the two Pitts, Montaigne, and Montesquieu. They disclose no genius; they let loose no tokens of hope. Dry, precise, literal, common-place, elaborate in detail, but destitute of "go," for which Brewster paid him fifty pounds, he may thank his stars for his luck—a luck which John Milton looked for in vain even from the enterprising publishers of his time. Brains must have gone up in value since the great poet's time. These biographies, &c., have never been republished, and do not at all resemble his characteristic strokes of later days. At that time he did not know how to write his feelings and personal ideals; he could not make dead forms live. While he was a servile imitator, originality had no life in his pages; when he, however, threw off the "old clothes," the valley of dry bones arose, and did verily shake themselves and live. He soon found out the real man from the man of clothes; he cracked the nut and devoured the interior of the soul; he sought the secret strings of motive,

feeling, and interest, and wove them into a striking, artistic picture. He did one other piece of work for Sir David Brewster creditably, which work is a monumental tribute to his mathematical intellect. He translated Le Gendre's "Geometry and Trigonometry," and added a capital introduction to it on Proportion. The work was published under the name of Brewster. Carlyle's name as yet had not ascended the sky: it slept in inarticulate darkness, ready to be hung up shortly by the master worker of the universe, and for book business could not yet by any means pay. There must be something in a name. It may be set down as true in any book on gain that fame or notoriety is transformed quickly by the philosopher's stone into money. Hence, Carlyle's name lay blank under that of the philosopher, waiting for personal resurrection to a life of honour. It is at this point that his life is the weakest. It touches the state of the literary hack, who will write anything, from a treatise on astronomy to a funeral sermon, at a price per dozen. But yet he was only doing what hundreds are doing every day, with fearless honour, in the respectable ranks of professional journalism. Some of the popular orators in the House of Commons would look rather bare if no Voltaire washed their dirty linen before it was exhibited in Parliament. You can read popular oratory, and you can hear it spoken, but it would be difficult to say from whose brains it came. We may have a future Carlyle springing up to do honour to his country who may be at present a power behind in shapeless anonymity—buried, or losing the brilliance and worth of his thought in passing them through the opaque brains of honourable members. Sir David Brewster was a man far

above suspicion in matters of this kind. He had an extraordinary head, and a great deal of scientific matter in it, and did not need any furniture of the Ecclefechan sort to help him out. The work he had in hand was greater than one pair of hands could manage, and he found Carlyle an able but, as yet, unknown workman.

At this time Carlyle commenced the study of German literature, then a high-road untravelled by the English scholar. Scholars in the time of Johnson had nothing to captivate their minds in German literature—a German literature did not exist. No great mind had yet appeared to charm with prolific phantasms, or draw upon the imagination. Goethe and Schiller were coming on their way in the silent womb of Nature. For Johnson's age they had no voice—they had to be the lights of another generation—so, as yet, the scholar had no irresistible temptations to study German literature. There are some curious men who never like to follow the beaten track of life, but will find all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Instead of spending a holiday in Paris or Rome they will be found climbing the wild ravines of Sweden and Norway, in the rugged solitudes of wild nature. In like manner a few adventurous and hungry-minded scholars in Johnson's time had wandered into the inanities of German thought, but they brought nothing back which had any peculiar charm to the English mind. The language yielded no gold-mine of pure thoughts, or immortal artistic pictures of human nature. Unlike the Latin race, the Scandinavian had not a Dante, nor a Tasso; therefore few cared to study the barbarous inflexions of the German tongue, and, as a consequence, the English scholar

knew little of the real state of German literature at the dawn of the present century. The scholars of the time of George III. treated the tongue with justifiable neglect. However, the conditions were soon changed. The language which the great Frederick despised was destined soon to be lit with the light of genius, and be mouthed by the men of Europe. De Quincey and Coleridge opened the door, but had feeble discernment, and saw not in full the wealth and weight of Goethe's and Schiller's thoughts. "The Opium-eater" snarled and barked with savage invective at "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," as a production abhorrent to English taste. Carlyle could find no inducement in the popularity of German authors in England to commence the study of that language. We are not left, however, in the dark as to the mainspring which led him into it. His brother, Dr. Carlyle, had taken up his residence in Germany, and had become enamoured of its wealth of philosophy and poetry, and he pressed his brother to take up the study at once, and it henceforth became the great study of his life. While thus employed he became the tutor of Charles Buller, who will still be remembered as a most accomplished politician and member of Parliament. His name will be associated with the questions of pauperism, colonisation, and emigration, as important matters affecting the well-being of the nation.

Carlyle's life in the Modern Athens led him into the charmed circle of literary celebrities then flourishing in the northern capital. Jeffrey swayed the helm of the omnipotent *Edinburgh Review*. He had a most critical intellect and facile pen, which inspired his enemies with a wholesome dread, if not absolute fear, of his pungent satire and keen

logic. The pages of this quarterly were scanned with great interest at this time, as the channel of broad Whigism, and as the unscrupulous exponent of the opinions of the great middle class, whose political status was far from being defined and acknowledged by the aristocracy. Carlyle admired but did not love the Edinburgh censor. There were repellent molecules in the mind of each, which prevented the cementing of a true and real friendship between them; but, like two able generals, they watched each other with jealous care, and respected each other's decidedly great abilities.

Various other friendly introductions brought him into contact with the leading writers then in London, which formed a rare galaxy of literary genius, and included Lamb, Croly, Cary, Allan Cunningham, and Hazlitt. He joined the harmonious circle of these choice spirits that had John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*, as a centre. These men did not draw him off his now favourite study—German. At this time he was carefully preparing an article on “Faust” for the *Edinburgh*. New friends (German) and “Faust” articles, however, did not prevent the germination of a sentiment—a matrimonial sentiment—in his mind. Through the bare lines of geometry, mathematics, and “Faust” articles he saw the form and heard the whisperings of a dear creature whose spirit had made an indelible impression upon more than the outworks of his affections. The occult fingers of Mephistopheles could not withdraw the halo from the divine form of his Margaret. The dreams of night and the illusions of fancy were focused in the sweet face of her he had determined to make the dear companion of his life.

It would be an interesting study for the psychologist to explain the mystery of a philosopher in love. Would he tell us there existed an interior chaos of feeling—a restless, seething action of volcanic passions? or would he reveal a cold Platonic ideal, rising out of an intellectual passionless soul? To speak of the true psychology of love is beyond our power. We are content with less evidence than that afforded by such a far-reaching method of testing hearts. There is nothing incompatible in philosophy and love, for love is the highest philosophy, and nothing exists in the nature of things antagonistic to the highest wisdom blending with the highest love. The severe and passionless soul of Paul, however absorbed by spiritual illumination, will never become a type for the imitation of mankind. His hard injunctions upon the duties of celibacy Mr. Carlyle set aside in the presence of interior harmonies which neither words, looks, nor gestures could interpret. We should have liked to have been with the dreamy happy pair when loitering in some favourite spot, under the pale moonbeams. What an interior world of light those moonbeams could make articulate!—the gentle sighs!—the throbbings of the hearts!—the speechless tongues!—the eloquent eyes!—all have passed into the fathomless inane. Their vigour and sincerity at once made this philosopher and the woman one. Hard, passionless philosophy, Carlyle had not. Ardent, tender, gentle feelings, he had, and they ran all over his manly being, extending to every love-befooled man in the world. There was a natural Spartan greatness about this courtship. It was natural. It had none of that operatic glare so fashionable in these times. Familiarities

went no further than the usual straight lines prescribed by Presbyterian usage. Sunday afternoons on Arthur's Seat, on the sands at Portobello, or in the woods of Hawthornden, were liberties he enjoyed not, nor craved. His evenings with her were not spent in gazing upon the frivolous scenes of a playhouse, nor in any of the mazy follies of fashionable life, in which thoughtless young people now-a-days indulge. He sought a woman—a real woman—with plenty of the real metal in her for doing real battle and striving in this world—a woman as earnest as himself. This woman was so endowed; but we must wait a few years before Miss Welsh can subscribe herself Mrs. Carlyle.

In 1823 he put forth his first part of the "Life of Schiller." The author did not choose to be known to the public; but those who were entrusted with the secret regarded the author in the light of a coming man. His strong, clear flow of language and critical acumen were qualities not usual in a young writer. He was much commended for his performance, and the "Life" was much admired. A few minor notes from discordant critics were heard here and there, but taken altogether the work was a decided success. The name of Schiller brought to English ears sensations of pleasure. The discovery of his genius was like the discovery of a new continent. Schiller, to the eye of Carlyle, was a man far above the ordinary man of letters. He had a soul of the highest type, that despised mean devices and stuck resolutely to a courageous course of moral action. He had an intellect that soared far above the realms of ordinary grasp, and an imagination in perfect sympathy with the realities of nature. The moral intensity of his feelings was equalled only by his

ardour in literature. To such a soul the sympathy of his translator went out. In the realm of his unclouded fancy he felt happy. His images and descriptions breathed the spirit of divinity. His enthusiasm awoke an interest in German thought which has gone on increasing ever since. He quickly followed the essay on Schiller by a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship." Jeffery wrote a most pungent article against the work, and said, amongst many other unnameable things on the part of the young author, this translation was a great indiscretion. This mad critic of all critics of modern times stands convicted of the most ridiculous inaccuracies and unfounded prejudices. To his cut-and-dried theories and self-made laws of criticism all literature was submitted, and if it did not square with them, he denounced the production in all the eloquence of hatred and spleen. It is quite obvious that the strictures of such a man would be set aside by the clearer judgment of more rational and judicious men. At any rate, some of his judgments and opinions have been set aside by the generation following him. De Quincey, too, shared with the Edinburgh reviewer his hatred of Goethe's beautiful story, and let fly without restraint his shafts of sarcasm and denunciation. He, too, had a false standard of criticism. He belonged to an old school, which professed to have hold of infallible rules which would accurately gauge the merit of any epic or dramatic poem in the world. This measure of quality and worth needed only to be applied as a mechanic applies his rule, and by an easy application of arithmetic the cubic contents of any body could be obtained. Correctness, simplicity, method, pathos, sublimity, and all the other

unmentionable attributes of excellence could be measured out by them to the one hundredth part of an inch.

We need not be surprised if men rebelled against these self-made standards of merit set up by Edinburgh reviewers. What a pity that Goethe did not know the classic laws proclaimed from the editorial sanctum of the "Edinburgh Thunderer" to the world on the absolute ethics of literature! Poor man! he did not know that such men as Francis Jeffrey and "The Opium-eater" existed. He might have bowed his head, and made his Wilhelm Meister a different sort of being. If he had done so, it would have been unfortunate! Wilhelm Meister would have been swept away into the inane, with the piquant slops of the Edinburgh reviewers. What these sorry critics disliked the public generally approved by buying and reading the book. Carlyle, too, caught some of the dirt meant for Goethe, in the passionate fray for a pure literature. His mind was undisturbed by these helpless imbeciles. He had come to supersede their reign of folly by the rule of reason and justice—not the justice of schools and sects, but the true, universal, cosmopolitan justice of freemen. We will not enter into this literary controversy. It has already been settled, and the palm awarded to the judgment of Carlyle, and the reward of honour bestowed upon Goethe. Suffice it to say that the self-constituted critics in the competitive trials of controversial skill, before the bar of an intelligent public, quickly put themselves right, because right only in the long run can succeed.

CHAPTER VI.

TEUTONIC FRIENDSHIPS.

THE translation of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" led to Mr. Carlyle's becoming intimately acquainted with Goethe. The friendships of great men are interesting, and it is with more than ordinary feelings of diffidence that we approach this sacred shrine of love—Weimar, the beloved home of Goethe, and the spot to which Thomas Carlyle turned the steps of his pilgrimage on his visit to Germany. The spirit of Carlyle was aglow with the enthusiasm of worship. "Faust" was a mystery of spiritual power, and its author, venerable and stately, was to him more than a king among men. It was a pilgrimage that an equally worthy soul was making to pay due homage to the grandeur and beauty of a disinterested intellect that held the pagan glitter and vanities of the world in contempt. Goethe was old—Carlyle was young: the prophet of Weimar had not long to live—the child of Ecclefechan had just begun to live. Both were unlike the world. The source of their pleasures lay within. Their thoughts were drawn from the seat of wisdom, the realm of interior light. They were abstractions, and had nothing in common with the ordinary propensities of common life. Sensitive beings, with delicate and refined forces of nature, to which humanity in general is a stranger, they held perpetual converse. Their ideal truth was harmony. But we cannot moralise now about the meeting of these two men. It was an extraordinary event. The world has seldom seen the like,

Great kings and popular statesmen meet and make some sounds and dust, but these two men were greater than great kings and popular statesmen. The evanescent character of kingship and the temporary bloom of statesmanship delight the world for a generation only, and then their stone monuments, in forgetfulness, excite no thankful sensations. Time and wintry blasts rub out their names, and they pass into the inane. These real thinking men are the highest, and guide the aspirations of humanity by the sceptre of printers' ink. Great thinkers become the possession of humanity; and these two men were such. Hence, their gravitating together meant more than the battle of Waterloo. At Weimar, Goethe resided in a peculiarly unostentatious way—simple and unobtrusive, like a modern Cincinnatus—ready at all times to help on the machinery of the world by giving of his wisdom to oil its gear. Carlyle's reception was very homely and sympathetic. It was the meeting of two mathematical points, or the ancient Hebrew prophets—Elijah and Elisha. The light of the elder was fast sinking into immortal invisibility, the goal of humanity—the summerland of souls. He was a weak old man, with a broad brow thatched with a crop of flaxen hair, waiting to lay down his burden and die; after which, other real but unknowable work, which for him lay latent in the bosom of eternity! The other, a chivalrous spirit, with a slight Ecclefechan accent in his words, was young, but destined by old Dame Nature to be an older and as great a man. The student had come to invoke the blessing of the prophet's sublime rhapsody! There was much of the Hebrew fire here, still left, which flamed up

for the time being into white heat, and which also made the conversation more than delightful. Words of true men are precious. If the world had been let into the secret of those now lost *viva voce* communications, we should have known more about the mainspring of authority which the genius of Goethe assumed over the mind of Carlyle. It undoubtedly was a baptism of real inspiration. To this young Weimar pilgrim all the poet's environments were beautiful. The park in which Goethe and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar discussed the politics of the little State was close at hand. The little river which rose away yonder in the Thuringian forests, babbled its monotonous song whilst momentous conversation was being conducted between them. The poet would point out to him, up the beautiful valley, the place where Martin Luther took shelter from the fierce persecutions of the Papists; and where the stern reformer threw his leaden inkstand at the head of the devil. The historical reminiscences of the little Duchy would be very interesting to a man who idolised force, and had its various vicissitudes sketched by the tongue of Goethe.

Weimar and its prodigy revolutionised the style and the thinking of Carlyle. He became purely enamoured with everything German. He stood here in the portal of a new world of literature. Its wealth was unfolded to him by the conversations of the poet. Lessing, Schiller, Werner, and Weiland, were names that he had heard before, and to one or two he had paid respectful homage, but now the full compass of their powers and spirit was revealed to him by the hand of the master. Goethe spoke of Kant, Klopstock,

and Spinoza, and went over, for his learning, the mysterious labyrinths of German thought and speculation. This was the prologue to new studies. A better introduction he could not have had to the men who made the German tongue a language interesting to mankind. Weimar occupied a grand place in the German recollections of Carlyle. To have been the intimate friend of Goethe is something now, when the De Quincey and Jeffrey prejudices are subsiding, for the fame of Goethe stands out in such bold and magnificent proportions in these times. It once was otherwise. If a bold soul, independent of conventional modes of thought, or popular views on religion and morals, expressed his admiration of the writings of Goethe, or if a noteworthy man of learning and letters showed any allegiance to the muse of the German bard, the act would be sure to result in dirt being thrown. "Wilhelm Meister" was pronounced immoral, and "Faust" incoherent trash, which no refined English lady could venture to take into her boudoir without suffering the effects of its immoral taint.

There is no stability in the judgments passed by book reviewers. Their judgments are not worth the ink they are written in, because they seldom read the book under treatment beyond the page of contents and the finish. The morality of criticism is sunk to its lowest, without much hope of improvement while party spirit runs in society with a current so strong. A book is held pure or impure according to the party side taken by the writer. A press literature without a noble love of right and justice is dangerous to liberty. It is a power which did not, because non-existent, menace and coerce ancient monarchies. Monarchies were

equally secure when they had not the inconstant support of acres of newspaper type. They did not incur the inevitable dangers from a fitful, changeable, and always uncertain support of the press. Hence, liberty and order were accompanied by less acrimony and partisan feeling than similar labours now provoke among the people. The classic proportions of Goethe's muse, washed by time, seen in their real proportions, are now a generous recognition of his grand qualities is now almost universal, and the cloud of infamy is lifted from the name of Carlyle. He, while sojourning in the Fatherland, availed himself of the opportunity of completely mastering the forms of the German tongue. He was not idle—the great historic characters of German literary life claimed his attention. He visited colleges, libraries, and places of great note. Military fortifications and camps had no charm for him. He came to study the thoughts of German sons rather than carry away picturesque views of her public buildings and scenery. Topography could hardly have any serious business in the mind of a philosopher beyond the common. Contrary to the advice of many friends, he persisted in the study of German romance, as work which might fit him for something more real and worthy. These chaotic accumulations were simmering in his mind, and waiting, as opportunity offered, to work themselves into something commendable. Everything he read seemed to fit in so nicely with the fabric of his thought, so that this short residence in Germany may be said to have made him German in everything except birth and patriotic sentiment. He returned, and sought a quiet contemplative shade of repose, where the powers of his mind could give and

yield up the harvest of thought refining therein. His most familiar friends beheld his style of composition completely change. John Sterling's admiration of him was indeed very high, but he had something like a settled horror of the obscure manner in which he chose to put forth his thoughts. We do not share Sterling's regrets about this, but have grown to see that this rough, uncouth vigour, was the right sort of speech for him to use. His speeches were direct. He said straight what he wanted his hearers to understand; and the force of his thought came sometimes like the velocity of a cataract; yet the reader is never left behind—he is carried along with the buoyancy and fervour of his thought, until the preacher has finished his task. In the meantime, you have felt with him, laughed with him, scorned when he scorned, and denounced with rage, like him, when he let fly the terrible shafts of his wrath against some folly or foe.

On breathing again the air of his native land he sighed for a secluded place in which he could sit down and write. This dearly-coveted state of solitude he was not long in shaping and bringing to perfection. Having floated upon the stream of time translations of a few extracts from the writings of Hoffmann, Tieck, and Richter, with short biographical sketches added, as a kind of work for bringing him into harness, and breaking him in to do more serious work, a critic complained that he was trying to bring into practice a style of roundabout, hubble-bubble-rumfustianish roly-poly, dear to the heart of a son of the Fatherland. The translations were read, and added to the growing circle of his admirers. The public mind was ready to accept more

wares of a similar quality from him, but a momentous event now happens that we cannot set aside, that transcends all the German romances put together. It is another romance, it is true, but it is in real life, and our subject is the medium.

CHAPTER VII.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

FROM his apartment in the Chateau Ferney Voltaire sent forth some of his brightest productions; the serene soul of Wordsworth contemplated the beauties of Nature and poetry in the seclusion of Rydal Mount, a fine eminence overlooking the lake of Windermere; from Abbotsford Sir Walter Scott poured forth the copious stream of his exciting romance; from the moorland solitudes of Haworth Vicarage Charlotte Brontë entranced with the vivid realities of her pen the readers of fiction; from the repose of Hughenden Manor Mr. Disraeli, now changed into Earl Beaconsfield, enriched the literature of his country; but from whence could Thomas Carlyle date the messengers of heaven let off to take their chance in the hurly-burly of the world? As yet he has taken up no fixed place on *terra firma*, a wandering nondescript, without a rood even to stretch his legs upon. If he had not a rood of land, God had given him brains in plenty. It is very rarely that He ever gives brains and land to the same man. He had been casting about for some time before his resolution cooled down and settled. When it did, he saw that the first step he must take must be to annihilate his bachelorhood in happy wedlock—a most desirable consummation, we should think, to Miss Jane Welsh, a woman that we have had occasion to mention before. The affections of this young pair of souls had by some means become irrecoverably entangled in each other. Missives of a decidedly amatory character had been

flying about for some time now. Miss Welsh had arrived at a stage of life when she expressed herself as quite ready to undertake matrimonial responsibilities. Accordingly they were married in 1827. Miss Jane Welsh was an only daughter. Her father was Dr. Welsh, of Haddington, and a descendant of the great reformer John Knox. She was not entirely destitute of property, having a small estate, right away among the sombre hills of Dumfriesshire, called Craigenputtock. Her natural qualities of intellect were rather in advance of her sex. Her studies had thus far been more various than profound. She was, however, destined, in company with her husband, to travel over wide fields of knowledge, and to do much talking in a practical way. When her husband spoke, she remained silent (what an excellent example for transgressing housewives in general to follow!); but she could talk right well when she had occasion. Her tongue was free and eloquent, and her conversational powers were little inferior to those of Mr. Carlyle. She had high spiritual intuitions and pure moral impulses. She contemplated life's environments with an eye to the useful and truly worthy. A thoroughly practical purpose always before her, she was deeply sensible of the beauties of nature, and the greatness and wisdom displayed in the works of creation. She had strong will-power and force of character, and had rare powers of invincibility and spirit. She had an innate fondness of letters, and possessed considerable literary taste and ability. Altogether, Providence, we think, could not have made a more suitable match. Craigenputtock was chosen to be a Weimar for Mr. Carlyle, from which solitudes had to issue forth upon their world's work high and mighty

missives laden with wisdom. It is situated about fifteen miles from a market town, in a gloomy moorland district, approached by a rough cart road, and flanked by desolate, bleak hills, capped during a greater part of the year with dark clouds and dense mist. Here and there a rill coursed its way down into a sweet valley, forming an oasis of beauty disturbed by no invasions of predatory hordes of hungry excursionists from distant towns, but left to the grey moor-bird and lazy sheep to wander over in perfect peace. Into this peaceful and secluded rural solitude the young couple entered upon their connubial bliss, with warm feelings and hopes of happiness. To many a man this retreat would have been worse than penal servitude—the *ennui* would have had a deadly emptiness about it that would have been most destructive; but it offered special charms to the contemplative nature of Carlyle. Here he could study, write, and read to his heart's pure delight, disturbed not even by the rhythmic flapping of the moor-bird's wings. At home, in perfect seclusion, with books and papers in cart-loads lying about in wild confusion, consisting of German pamphlets, American periodicals, London dailies, and provincial papers, lying upon the table, some of them read and some not, and not worth the trouble probably—with these accessories he could be alone. He had company enough of a certain sort, and would with this regiment of daily and weekly visitors have plenty to do. Some men can do an enormous amount of newspaper hand-shaking quickly. They will run down a newspaper column, and extract its worth, while many men are thinking about doing it. This prodigious work is considered essential to an educated man, a leader of popular

thought, and a commander amongst the people. In this house he lived for six years, and worked like a horse, reading and writing much useful matter yet to be much talked about in the world. He kept two ponies, upon which he and his wife took daily exercise. They carried them safely over the rough roads and mountainous districts without accident. This useful exercise braced their nervous systems, kept the digestive organs in a healthy state, and fed their worthy brains with needful force. He took a full share of interest in the farmyard, poultry and cattle, butter and milk, and could square off the essential qualities of a useful beast with any Scotch drover to the "manner born," and could descant with felicity upon the breeds and pedigrees of cattle extending back into time immemorial, as if he had bred and bought cattle all his days. He took a lively interest in all matters pertaining to draining, sowing, and reaping the land, and was a most scrupulous and exact master, insisting on industry and punctuality from servants. But this serious matter of money was only amusement and change from the more real work of his life. In this house he wrote some of his best essays, including those on Burns, Goethe, Johnson, Richter, Heyne, Novalis, Voltaire, and Diderot. It was here that Tüfelsdröckh was conceived, and embodied in the mysterious production called "Sartor Resartus," not to be published yet, but for a time to be kept under lock and key. As the philosopher is of a doubtful character, with uncouth and transcendental belongings, publishers do not take kindly to him, and timid editors cannot find a good word for him as yet. He therefore must wait his time, under lock and key, to be called forth to do work at another time. Fame had

come to him somehow by what he had already written. There was a rugged mountain freshness about this man's thought that heralded his name about. His sayings were some of them peculiar, wise, and prophetic, and at times he spoke like an oracle. His effectiveness brought him friends and a troop of admirers. His essays, too, had been widely read; and being in true earnest, he made his readers feel his fire; and they sought him out in this out-of-the-way place, and invaded in troops the silence of his mountain home, to see and shake the hand of the world's new prophet; whilst, if not inclined to be so used, long siege would be laid to his house by these pedestrian wanderers, in the hope, at least, of seeing him at a distance, taking his daily exercise. However, generally he took these manifestations of bad manners in good part. Hither came, to pay his respects with the rest of the staring world, Emerson, who had heard of this rare man at Craigenputtock in the States of New England. Full of grand transcendental moonshine, might be, the practical moonshine he had come to see was more properly moonlight. He found that in the intellect of his host abode the effulgence of daylight rather even than moonlight. The democratic prophet of "universal suffrage," "ballot boxes," and convention orations was charmed. Carlyle's talk was a steady current, swelled to prodigious proportions by late reading and regular study, which thoroughly barricaded, if not actually put to unwilling silence, the future "delineator of English traits." He talked about German traits, and the deep wonders articulate in the literature of the Fatherland. Goethe and the Weimar scandals were quickly put under way, and the poet washed most effectively from every vulgar calumny

as clean and saintly as any name entered on the Roman Calendar. Talk, too, of a personal character was indulged in; schemes of literary work, philosophies, theologies, and sundry speculations were rapidly reviewed. Ballot boxes, constitutional reforms, and anti-slavery programmes, cabinet follies and Parliamentary cupidities in general were cut up by the prescriptive (to use a legal phrase) talker of Craigenputtock. Well, Emerson had come to see and hear him talk. He wanted to take material back to New England to make a book (for of making books there is no end), and, by heaven! he gave him some heavy matter, too, for democratic colleges to think of and digest. Teufelsdröckh the philosopher was strutted out, and the true philosophy of clothes had an airing, but, apart from a few dark ejaculations of mysterious approval on the part of Emerson, were walked into secrecy and seclusion again, waiting for the final resurrection. Emerson, being a good talker, and a good listener especially, was much prized by Carlyle. His mystic idealism just suited his tastes—it might have been suggested even by himself or the wild scenery of Dumfriesshire, rather than in the environs of New England. Emerson departed upon his pilgrimage back to the New World, his heart filled with the highest appreciation of the Scotch essayist. As he vanished out of sight down the old cart-road Mr. Carlyle waved with his hat a regretful adieu, and the genial matron of Craigenputtock untied her apron and waved it in the air, expressive of her friendship towards him and his country. Meetings and partings make up the total of life, and are the felicities of memory.

Mr. Carlyle wrote for the *Edinburgh Review*, notwith-

standing a certain decidedly strong feeling of personal dislike to its editor. That august functionary had taken frequent liberties with manuscripts contributed by Carlyle—indeed, Jeffrey never grew to like his peculiarities of style. He did not like the rugged force, and what may be called his picturesque grandeur. He did many times erase, and alter, and gloss over, for which kindly efforts Carlyle felt no thanks, but a blunt, vulgar sort of feeling that he would like to ply his whip-stock about the posteriors of the wily editor. When Jeffrey resigned the place of honour on the quarterly, Carlyle and the new editor, Professor Napier, got on harmoniously together—indeed, the contributor and the editor appreciated one another, and afterwards no complaints were heard against the interference of the editor with his manuscripts.

Notwithstanding the friendly advice tendered to him by friends as to the peculiar manner in which he expressed his thoughts, he kept to it. The style became a part of the man's thoughts, and soon he had a host of admirers and would-be imitators. He had made up his mind to keep to that peculiarity, however he might be bullied by friends or denounced by enemies.

1833 arrived, and one of the most famous and original works ever written lay unresurrected under lock and key. "Sartor Resartus" could not find a friend anywhere at all willing to bring it forth into living daylight. It was hawked from publisher to publisher, and declined as a piece of "clotted nonsense," until finally it was concluded it should be started into actual being in the world through the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*. In this piecemeal manner the public began to grow interested in the "clothes philosophy," and

great wonderment was made as to its author, and as to the genuineness of Teufelsdröckh's account of himself. It was a most wonderful production. Perhaps no work ever written so powerfully portrayed some of the leading follies of societies. Shams, padding, and genteel flummery are held up to unmerciful ridicule, theological and metaphysical hobgoblins are satirised with a proper Caledonian grin. It professes to be the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh, a German philosopher. Carlyle treats this hypothetical personage in the dress of a pure reality, and not that of a mere paper figure designed to illustrate and express his own individual opinions upon topics in general. From behind this sham figure he lets off much powder of grim caricature. Every page is a literary gem of severe Teutonic humour. Some of the American writers went so far as to believe that Herr Teufelsdröckh was a veritable personality, and even ventured to seek out the geographical designation of his birthplace, but being unable to find such a name as Entepfuhl on the map of Europe, the reality dawned that the sarcastic author had played off a "cracker," and that it was he himself who had been thundering all the while from behind the masked battery. The literary value of "Sartor Resartus" was first pointed out by the press of America. There grew up there a large number of admirers of his writings, who, no doubt in the ardour of first love, did much overrate their real worth. "Sartor Resartus" was not, however, called for in book form till 1838.

Destiny, with a stern irresistible order, now steps forward and makes to him a startling announcement. The empyrean eyes of his wife fill with tears, and his own sad heart by no

means likes the message. But the generalissimo of natural order has blown the trumpet blast, the tent pegs have to be struck, Craigenputtock, by its present happy occupants, is to be vacated, moorland rides and rambles, Nithsdale solitudes and moor-birds, phantasms, dreams, the elysium too, all are going to pieces—Craigenputtock probation is at an end! It is hard work to cut the tether rope. What mysterious cords tie us to the worthless stumps of existence! They all break somehow on the restless wheel of time. It has been proposed to Mr. Carlyle that he shall come to reside in the Metropolis—the heart of the nation—the proper place for a literary man. After much study and consultation it was decided to pack up books, valuables, and sundry nick-nacks, and move into the shadow of the misty Modern Babylon. How will he fare there? We shall see. It is hard to leave the old house, with its quaint gables, the garden, the trees, and gooseberry bushes. The affections soon fill with animation the inert forms lying around, and they speak plaintive farewells when being left for ever. Carlyle, thou wert a brave man! Idle sentiment never cowed thee into inactivity or sloth, and idle sentiment now shall not raise ghosts to excite thy caution, and bid thee halt at the step onward! His brawny soul broke the green withes which bound him Samson-like. With an elasticity and hope he starts upon the road. Weather-worn old faces and yelling children follow down the road, and get on to the highest knoll, and gaze sorrowingly as the conveyances are lost in the distance. Such is life! A night's lodgment on the moor edge of time, and then—well, an eternal journey through the endless cycles of progress in the boundless infinity of life. Move on

(there are others coming along to fill your places), or you will be elbowed off the course, and left void in the darkness of helplessness. But the bleeding pores of the soul are soon stanchd in the captivating glitter of new associations. Hope outlives despair. Craigenputtock has its place of honour. It was singled out above the rest of the world, bright with festivity, but six years ago, at the nuptials of this favoured couple. The place looked big enough to contain, for their natural life at least, the probable proportions that would be reached. Our mathematics of Providence are very often miscalculated.

Cheyne Row, the destination fixed, was at that time a delightful suburb of London, adjoining the Thames. It is much changed in appearance now. Bricks and mortar have altered the natural face of things greatly. Forty years ago, here and there a snug little house was dotted, but since then vacant spaces have fallen one by one victims to the despoiling hands of the builders, so that Cheyne Row is now backed up by a wilderness of goodly tenements. In this cosy house Carlyle is to finish up his natural term of days. Craigenputtock, by the way, can never be forgotten. It takes some anxious time to get books, papers, and the reading and thinking into proper order. However, things gravitate slowly into their proper places, and, sooner than a sensitive man might expect, the copious machinery of thought grinds away at much useful material. As yet he cannot be said to have worked fast. His leviathan intellect moved but slowly across the intellectual plain. He was now touching the distasteful age of forty. Had he died now he would have been deeply lamented by a small circle of friends who knew his real worth

only. A world-wide fame had not then been won. He was born but a few years after Byron, who had written his name permanently on the temple of fame, and had been sleeping nine years and more. Burns, his countryman, had written his last song before he passed the age of thirty-seven, and gone also to sleep. Shelley, with distracted and erratic fire, unfolded his muse, and did all he had to do in this world in the compass of thirty years. Vegetation will in some countries come to perfection in half the time it will in others, but those vegetables which are grown quickly lack toughness and durability of fibre, and rot away. The oak quietly grows for centuries undisturbed in the valley, and for centuries more, when cut down, will resist the charge of decay. Carlyle's mind and constitution belonged to the latter class. It was of a huge, ponderous, and tough sort, grew strongly to maturity, and resisted effectively the forces of decay. We have written down somewhere that Craigenputtock was his probation, but it was something more. Whilst working there his reading was most voracious and extensive, embracing all subjects—history, biography, philosophy, and such like knowledge which he needed, and was ready to hand, to weave into lovely forms of enduring wisdom. He worshipped at the shrine of Energy. In the little attic of the three-storied house he toiled systematically. The first few years in London were remarkable for the amount of work he got through. Inspiration came upon him like an atmosphere of light. First there was a chaotic tumult, and then his mind yielded to the harmony and liquid flow of thought, and with right strong will did he put it down. His manner was never to touch matters of a troublesome or distracting nature

till he had accomplished his daily work. Reception, letters, and calls were shelved to the latter part of the day. He thus kept his best powers for his worthiest labours. He paid great attention to his health, took plenty of walking exercise, and tried to provide a strong mind with a healthy body. His evenings were generally spent in reading and arranging his materials for the morrow's work. He never foolishly spent his time. He was always in some way employed. A true literary man and philosopher can have no vacant time upon his hands, especially one who has a new gospel to preach. His manner of writing was not then a popular one, and his books were not read by the masses. His riches were not unfolded on the first perusal. His books needed careful and repeated reading to be understood. They did not meet with sudden success. The booksellers had them lying about on their hands, hoping sometime to effect a sale. But God knew when some of them had begun to spread the gospel of despair and that Carlyle was gone stark mad to write such books. Gradually sales were made and money-eyed booksellers turned their tune. Popularity was achieved, and they did a roaring trade. As "Sartor Resartus" had to be hawked about to find a publisher, so had even his greatest work, "The French Revolution," notwithstanding the marvellous seal of genius which was upon it. Carlyle cannot be understood at first sight, and the publishing fraternity fell into this difficulty.

His first years at Cheyne Row were employed in writing "The French Revolution" and other miscellaneous matters which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* and other periodicals of the time. The true bent of his effort went into that great work. The book was published in 1837, having been much

delayed through an accident which befel the first volume. Mr. Carlyle having lent it to John Stuart Mill for perusal, he was much pleased with it, and spoke of it to Mrs. Taylor, his future wife, who expressed a strong wish to see it. What became of the manuscript after that does not clearly appear. Mrs. Taylor left it upon her writing table, in her room, and it is supposed that the servant girl took it up and lighted the fire with it. Carlyle could hardly summon to his aid the same amount of mildness at this disaster as is recorded of Sir Isaac Newton, whose pet dog Diamond knocked over a candle, which consumed the manuscript of his "Principia," a work of long and profound mathematical study. He doubtless felt an interior chagrin, which his sense of generous friendship speedily extinguished. He set to work to reproduce the burnt volume, and soon accomplished his task. He never got over the conviction, however, that the first performance was the best. Mr. Mill hailed its appearance with delight, but generally its reception was tame and flat. Its seraphic strains of poetry were not comprehended. As the great "Iliad" of the age no one could see it. Only one or two could see deep into those lines of printers' type to find the greatest work of the century. Its picturesque and graphic sketches began quietly to stand out in the reader's thoughts, and as the avenues of his conceptions opened, the magnificence of the work began to be realised. Few liked the crudities and ruggedness of his style, and the disdainful disregard of what some one has spoken of as the "feudalities of literature." The work shortly became a tremendous success, and placed its author on a pedestal of renown in the very first rank of writers of history.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PROPHET SPEAKETH.

THE orator on the rostrum brings to fruition the labours of the study. Thoughts take to themselves wings of fire and fly, and may roost for a time in the mind of the nation, but will in the end accomplish their purpose. The thoughts live in him. The true orator is a real actor, and something more—he is an agent who should be settling the bad and foolish work of the world. Few there be who have set themselves with full heart to work out this. Self has stepped between and done much dirty work, and has got some false halo even for it. Oratory is not always the true child of wisdom and virtue, devoted to the furtherance of universal right. Mr. Carlyle essayed at divers times to preach his gospel. He accordingly assumed the role of a lecturer, and right well, in no mealy-mouthed fashion, did he do it. He let his hearers have his gold in the rough, but it was gold, and no tinsel. He was not a Demosthenes re-incarnated, nor even a Cicero; but he had a tale to tell—a sermon well thought out to preach. Men were not drawn to his feet to hear a forensic feat or mere stage-play of eloquent gabble. They came to hear the unique author of “Sartor Resartus,” and the “French Revolution.” He did not even come to meet his auditory to impart a feast of syllogistic reasoning. He had reasoned before he mounted the platform to announce his conclusions. He spoke with authority and prophesied with firmness. His thoughts lay in not always very uniform folds. If you place the twenty-six letters of the English

alphabet in a bag, it is a thousand chances to one they will not arrange themselves in an orderly manner when tumbled out upon the table. His intellect possibly ejected his conclusions after that method. His thoughts were uttered in confusion and beautiful disorder. His appearance on a platform to lecture became an event in literature, to such a height of oracular significance had his lectures attained. The chief topics upon which he spoke were, "German Literature," "The History of Literature," "The Revolution of Modern History," and "Heroes and Hero Worship." Hearers were drawn from all classes—learned professors from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, profound students of science, artists, lawyers of the highest eminence, members of Parliament, and numbers of the nobility and gentry. Some of his hearers were sorely perplexed—they could not tell whether to laugh or to applaud. His rhapsodical utterances, given in a monotonous Caledonian sing-song, were something new. This vocal utterance, was it a strange evolution about to appear in the order of modern society—a new prophet endowed with seership and inspiration. The people were electrified. German literature afforded him scope to treat a long-hidden mine with rare power. He sprung a mine really, and brought the old Teuton into light. That Luther country had in it something of intrinsic value, and was worth looking after. The dust of armies and the smoke of gunpowder had kept out of view the grand realities of German literature. Revolutionary and ambitious passions had kept latent the nature of the true ware vended upon German bookstalls. The people in these happy islands had got plenty of Greek and Latin, with Italian and French books strewed about, and

some little knowledge abounded of the spirit and quality of these tongues. But the war tramp of the soldier distracted the conditions to such a baneful degree that it was utterly useless to expect men to study the poetry and rhythmic utterances of a people hardly emerged from the realm of barbarism. It was a gross mistake. The Teuton had a beautiful early literature, tinged with the rays of a fantastic chivalry as sincere as the early ballad poetry of our old minstrelsy. The troubadours were universal throughout Europe. Gallant knights, blue-eyed dames, and love-sick youths expressed their feats of war, their gentle amours, and their transporting affections, in jingling rhyme. Like all other European nations, the Germans did the same. Carlyle has made his readers know all about the Swabian period—the period of early ballad literature distinguished by the embodiment of every event and fancy into verse, and which imparted a harmonic glow to the ecclesiastical and the religious condition of the times. Verse was the vehicle of sexual sentiment and pious devotion throughout the whole of Germany when the English people were listening to the voice of Chaucer. This period of happy song was swamped by two or three senseless centuries of war. The cultivation of letters in this transitionary period, with all poetical aspirations, died. With the death of Conrad, in 1254, the Swabian period closed in, and left the two following centuries to the helpless void of religious and theological mystery, out of which yawning emptiness came the shadows of a revival. The decline in literature was general throughout Europe. A cloud rested upon all nations. Man's extra steam was let out in religious follies, instigated and

perpetuated by the secret religious orders. The sleep of poesy was, however, not to be eternal. It was only a dose, a nap, an after-dinner sort of rest, to awaken up again with renewed strength shortly.

In this fog and mist was forming the first spirit of the scientific period which was destined to accomplish so much in the future. The spirit of Roger Bacon was shaping itself upon the age, and new light was breaking in from different quarters. Carlyle, in his lectures, went to the bottom of these matters, and showed up the anatomy and foundation upon which Schiller and Goethe rested in literature. What sort of a figure did we cut in England in the matter of literature before operated upon by Chaucer, Spenser, and Sidney? They were our first, rarest, and grandest singers. These writers were as unknown in Germany for centuries as Gottfried, of Strasbourg, was unknown to the last generation. His lecture on "Heroes and Hero Worship" confounded the popular doctrinaires by laying open a secret power, resident in genius, which may be called force of character. The government of humanity by the commonly-accepted standard of authority—constitution rule of three—king, lords, and commons—is an assumption never accomplished in fact. Man and men are swayed by moral force. The coercive genius of leaders and teachers, parchment constitutions, ballot boxes, and Parliamentary debates, are smoke and dust—ocean froth worked up by the restless teachers of humanity. The voice utterance may be far away in the dim distance or past; it is effective because true, and strong because humanity is in the same thought, and is drawn by the same force of perfection which becomes

worship—even God—and awe-inspiring! However men may disagree with him, he commenced with virtue in the man—the unit of the nation. Change the man and you change the nation. The unit is changed by education; his prophet or teacher is his control; he is the repose of his hope; his religion is the faith he has in his prophet's stability and clear seeing. From the limited sphere of being, the prophet of one man becomes the prophet of many—a voice, yea, an authority, that leads men over written constitutions, feudal establishments, aristocracies, democracies, and the like, to that which is needful and true. To work it practically out you have revolutions, monarchic dissolutions, guillotines, vain political babblings, Parliamentary debates!—all needful in their way, but only notes in the oratorio. The master player is behind somewhere. The man who plays first fiddle is hero for the time being, as times is made up of the like oratorios—like heroes rise up on the graves of dead ones. To chronicle the manœuvres of these is the philosophy of history.

These lectures had a peculiar mannerism about them which was extremely tantalising to some people, but withal smart, effective, hot, and vehement. To describe their effect, one must have been present at the ticket entrance of Willis's Rooms, or Portman Square, when he was announced to appear: lawyers, clergymen, ladies of beauty and fashion, and a motley, nondescript, jostling, crushing crowd, all eager to get good seats and vantage places—just a typical struggle that man has to make in this great ceaseless rolling world, to get through with, it may be purple, but more likely rags, on for the useful garments at the finish.

Macready attended one, and was more than delighted; and Browning thought that each lecture was a real event in literature. His sincerity was marked, in his manner, with strong emphasis, and carried overwhelming force. His success was complete. Everybody spoke in terms of praise. His lectures were spoken of in all the fashionable resorts, the clubs, private dinners, and the educated assemblies throughout the land. This grand success would have spoiled a weak man, but his ponderous intellect smothered any undue expression of vanity.

He was no partisan of a political party: he could not be chained down to think within a groove. Freedom is necessary to all high thinking. He wanted a large freedom, the whole azure of heaven, for his air balloons and philosophical phantasms. He let off a great many good ones, too, and bad ones, I warrant—or he was not human—which burst, and came down to his grief. He was no apostle of any gospel of political economy, or leagues of any kind—"Philanthropisms," "Reformisms," and "Anti-Slaveryisms," such were political blind-man's buff, mere form without the spirit of progress. He may be called a political spiritualist, with a deep indwelling life, which went to the root of the matter—a sphere of causation untouched by the political partisan. The growth of English real power is not to be promoted by the visible changes made in the rules of government. He was a Radical before Radicalism. He passed his vision into the spirit of things, and dwelt with the fleeting shadows of the true spirit of the age, and which become articulate in the phenomena of political and social life, roughly sometimes, but in the end true and eternal.

His political foresight fell upon the end as worthiest. He cared not to tinker monarchic or democratic tin kettles. The All-good absorbed his power. What has been the tangible gain from fifty years of agitation and political change? It has only been the shaking of the dice. The game has been finished, as before, and left. The ploughman has to plough, and the mechanic must keep his nose to the grindstone to keep the pot boiling. What difference? The oracle of Delphi says, no change. It is nothing to Hodge or to us whether Lord Beaconsfield or William Ewart Gladstone sits at the head of the green table, to hold hard and prattle. Man is the child of another force, a force speaking in the wisest. Wilberforce, Thompson, and Lincoln, all grand men of a kind, made slavery their target, and struck it; but slavery, gross and cruel, is not dead. Cobbett and Cobden had nostrums; but the nation is still sick. Daniel O'Connellisms, Catholic Emancipationisms, Disestablishmentisms, with the latter-day Parnell-gangisms, notwithstanding, Ireland is progressing backwards. Liberty is not safe alone written upon parchment constitutions; nor is every one who pronounces the name its friend. The divine trinity of Liberty, Justice, and Truth has only one true anchorage of safety, and that is Wisdom. Wisdom's great achievements have sometimes been won through terrible slaughters, shootings, and despotisms, and its grandeur is all the more perfect for such. But Wisdom is a divinity which may be easily confounded with Folly. In its vortex everything valuable will be lost. A foolish king, or political leader, or Parliament (single or combined), constitutional bulwarks notwithstanding, can so abuse Liberty as to kill it.

It is the province of the true orator to make true ideas felt as reliable instruments of distribution and supply. It was after this high ideal Carlyle aspired. His lecturing was not preaching, in the vulgar sense. He did not babble about party principles, creeds, &c.—he had none such to preach. Theologies, mythologies, and superstitious crazes, as far as he was interested, were slain now these many years. He had no Gospel canons of infallible inspiration to enliven his apostleship, nor “Westminster Confessions,” and such like. He had gone down below all these, and saw their united end was in the silent vortex of the inane—death eternal. He spent his long life in interpreting that which is so difficult to be found out by man, that which lies scattered broadcast over all the face of nature, which is so hard for the eyes of man to see, which lives in all forms, breathes in all life, acts a part in all thought, and dwells always above ground—the highest wisdom. For this he essayed the arts of the orator, and wielded the pen of the inspired writer.

CHAPTER IX.

A PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE little drawing-room in Cheyne Row soon became the rendezvous of a choice and highly-distinguished company of men eminent in literature. Mrs. Carlyle, in all her troubles to please, never failed to make her company welcome and comfortable. Company that one does get under their roof-tree is not oftentimes of the happiest character, but her gatherings generally kept strictly within the bounds of propriety. Sober, gentle in all matters of controversy, and outspoken, God knows, about theologies, mythologies, and the like, which might have sounded rather harsh to a sensitive young curate, follies commanded no reverence from these minds, and impositions, sacred or secular, were trampled upon without mercy. One of the first men whom Carlyle welcomed to his house was Captain Sterling, called sometimes the "Thunderer of the *Times*" newspaper. He was accustomed to make calls upon the leading political characters of the city, he was known to have powerful connections upon the leading journal, and hence little Parliamentary writers from the back benches strove to make him welcome, and keep on the best of terms. Edward Sterling had held a commission in the army, but cared not now to be even recognised by the name of captain. He wished to descend completely into the grade of a civilian, and merge his professional character into that of a respectable gentleman about town. He was intelligent, prolific in conversational resources, and could write a newspaper article with any man

All this is true of Capt. John Sterling, and is a sample of the errors in this book.

on the press—a loud, Irish accentuated, talkative, irrepressible man. He had paid some attention to the study of law at the time of the Irish Rebellion, about the beginning of the present century. John Sterling, his son, had not many of the special features of his father, but was earnest and clear-sighted, and always held a first-class passport to Mr. Carlyle's esteem. He could write well, and was altogether too good a man to waste his life as a country curate, a position in which Nature never intended him to remain. He had weak animal powers, and lacked vitality. Consumption haunted him from place to place, until he yielded, leaving a wife and family to struggle alone. He wrote many interesting things to the periodicals of the day, which were read with interest. Archdeacon Hare wrote his biography, but the pen of Thomas Carlyle has made his name immortal. That pen, with equal ease, could have immortalised a bricklayer. Sterling's mind would have achieved great things if his body had been strong. His biography, as given by his friend, is the best ever written, as a candid and judicious mental photograph reflected from the mind of another. It shows him as he grew upon the sensitive memory, and spread out his promising powers of mind. Alas! he died too soon! He was wanted away elsewhere, for work of a higher kind. Rambles were often undertaken up the smiling Thames water to Mortlake, Hampton Court, under the trees of Bushey Park, o'er the red brick palace of the immortal William, as far as Egham, Runnymede, and Virginia Water, and back, by John Sterling and Thomas Carlyle, when times permitted. Angels now only know the topics upon which they discoursed. Hendon, too, was often visited by them in summer time. The

health-giving properties of this rural retreat were always highly esteemed by Carlyle. To keep up the buoyancy of Sterling's vitality many pedestrian excursions were made in the environs of the Metropolis, north and south. Poor Sterling! he had to leave, and his place became vacant.

John Stuart Mill, political economist, logician, and philosopher, with many other unnameable qualifications to fame, called regularly upon Carlyle during the time he was proprietor and editor of the *Westminster Review*. Beyond a sympathetic acquaintance, a *bona fide* affinity, friendship did not exist. The two men were so wholly dissimilar in intellectual make and aim—Mr. Carlyle rhapsodically washing his hands of all political economy rubbish and Benthamism, while Mill was a syllogistic reasoner and trained intellectual gladiator, having not a bit of Carlyle's spiritual power of intuition. The one never left the empirical side of his understanding, the other dwelt upon the ideal and transcendental. Mill could never desert the purely experimental and utilitarian phase of life. Liberty and progress were ends to be attained by arts of combination, social regulations, and governmental structures, embodying the indestructible attributes of individual rights. Mill's aim was political stability consistent with the claims of progress and the spirit of a universal justice. He founded justice upon utility, "the greatest good to the greatest number," the supreme tenet in the faith of modern Radicalism. A godless, spiritless creed—reduced human thought and power measured by profit and loss, which leaves its strict mathematical precision no room for genius, which comes like a comet blazing in the social and political heavens with unbindable

erratic will, rounding its perihelion with immeasurable velocity. Mr. Carlyle saw nothing worthy in all this. He recognised the spirit of real power—mind in its highest. The prophet of wisdom throwing out his lines of sympathy, ruling men by real commanding ability, which men could worship. He ratified his faith by the verities of history. Governments, as they exist, are the outcome of previously-existing conditions—the natural outcome of the possible and the useful; whilst democracies and the like, begotten of chimeras, are the accident and not the rule of human federation. The units of a state cohere because they are weak, and are naturally controlled by the strongest and fittest. Nations are led on to greatness by a prophet, liberty is defined by necessity, and progress is the assimilation of knowledge by all on the one hand, and general transcendental aspiration on the other, embracing the all-perfect ideal. A society shaped upon Mr. Mill's scheme would be a well-formed geometrical figure; no curves, angles, or elongations; an equilateral triangle. A society the outcome of Mr. Carlyle's ideal would be an evolution of order from pre-existing forms, adapted to the spiritual power of the age. Its forms would be irregular and picturesque—always the spoken embodiment of necessity. The existence of the former is impossible—a phantasm; the existence of the latter is sure, essential, and indubitable. The first is the production of an abstract syllogism; the latter is the voice of the past living in the present. The first may be misunderstood, but the latter cannot. The mind of Mill was made by systematic tuition. Nothing had been neglected by his father to make him a universal teacher and reformer. Every layer of his

knowledge had been put down methodically in its due time, very successfully in every way. Whether his bark would be navigable was a problem. For some time to come, at any rate, he would have to be laid up as an impracticable "Great Eastern," for philosophical Radicalism to wrestle with till "Daylight." Mill had no true poetic susceptibility, but Carlyle's soul was a Mosaic burning bush of glowing poetic sentiment.

Carlyle did not much admire feminine greatness. He had only one great woman, and that was Mrs. Carlyle. In this respect he was an extraordinary egotist, and to be pitied—a pardonable piece of blindness certainly, but pleasant to think of in his case. In his portrait gallery he had no room for any other, not even for Georges Sand and George Eliot. Before these angelic lights of literature Mrs. Carlyle took precedence in worth and ability. The fact is, he could not see the fine vein of musical harmony running through the poetry of Georges Sand, nor appreciate the amazing analytical power displayed in the productions of George Eliot. But for this blind side of Carlyle's nature we should not have had in him so grotesque a philosopher, but a grander and more consistent one. Some of the prejudices of genius are inexplicable and confounding. It may be that the soul has a light side and a dark one—the inconsistencies are committed by the one and undetected by the other. In many respects George Eliot showed powers of marvellous portraiture and condensed narration equal, if not superior, to Carlyle himself. Her power of analytical and intuitional foresight comes scarcely below his, and, as an authoress, her books will be acceptable to the same mind that can appreciate "Sartor Resartus."

Cobridge, the friend of Sterling, he did not esteem. He hated theology in the lump as Wesley did the devil. Hence, he had no room in his soul for a divine, unless, like the liberal Dean of Westminster, he could take the Thirty-nine Articles into his own hand. He never cared for the coat which has so often been drawn across the pathway of human freedom—it was too straitlaced. Theology is as blind as a bat—dead—passing into the vortex.

He had no liking for Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" phantasies and spectral shadows—frenzy of an idiotic character, not even having talent to recommend it. The world has had quite enough of this. Lectures and dressings mean talk and balderdash, of which men are truly tired. Reality, and not shams, is the crying want of this empirical age. The true soul only can live and defy the grinding of the subterannean rocks which lie below. Every vain show or serious fixed purpose of man is drifting somewhere. The helm and the sextant are held by safe hands, but who knows the destined port—who can read the dull hieroglyphics of the time? The Tupper's in a bundle may bump their empty heads for a long time before they read the true meanings.

Mr. Carlyle often met the unfortunate befooled late Emperor of the French, Napoleon III. He never had much in him to adorn an imperial throne. The first Napoleon exhausted the virtue of the line. The children must sleep with their noses close to the soil for many generations before they can wield power again. Greatness is but a volcanic eruption which the lapse of generations only can bring about. For a short time the lava will be spit about, then the crater will become void, and the internal flames extinct. The

Napoleonic generation came to its climax in the first man of the dynasty. He used up all the fire. The remaining little Napoleons will have to starve out, and grow again out of the clodhopper class. Life is a circular orbit, even to the greatest. The aristocracies of Europe will be useless until they rub their limbs on the ground with hard work. The ploughboys and the hod-carriers will be the great men of the future, and not the effeminate and refined scions of ancient aristocratic houses. It is a hard gospel, but it is inevitable, and bad to read. Napoleon III. could not read it. He had the star mark of disaster upon his nativity. The regions of fate had woven Sedan into the molecules of his destiny. Helpless Destiny! How amazing and profound are thy dispensations, oracular alike to the triumphant hero as the sinking child of misfortune! Unhappy, restless France! thy ardent soul possesses no prophetic vision. Led by the nose through griefs and morasses to useless Utopias, fortune forsakes, and thy hopes are broken upon the wheel.

At the time Carlyle came across his trail, he was a nice gentleman, accepted about town with marks of high favour. He had not long, however, to be unemployed. English Chartism gave him a little diversion. When the fears of the Government were excited, like a soldier of fortune he offered his services for the maintenance of order, and many windy tales are told about him as a special constable patrolling the streets of London in the fated year of 1848. He had soon to change his *bdton*. He had no special parts to make him a leader of men. He bore a name which had some guilt upon it, and that was his passport to the highest place France could offer to her exiled child of destiny—rejecting men of

real mettle to follow a nightmare. There is a history to be related sometime, which lies between this constable time and Sedan.

Carlyle was more or less familiar with all the great men of his time. We can only particularise the most prominent. He never cared for that clever Jew who came upon the scene of British politics at the same time as "Sartor Resartus." There was something vastly too clever about this mysterious man, running over with Vivian-Grey-like ambitions—a mixture of splendid conceits, made eloquent by a ready clapper and bumptious pen. Communion of feeling never brought them together. Casual recognition was occasionally exchanged. Mr. Carlyle preferred "Peace with Honour."

Mr. Gladstone was a notable character whom he regarded as possessed of some solid parts—soft and pliant when firmness would have been better, impetuous and fickle when meekness and conciliation would have been successful; but they amount to mere sun spots upon a brilliant career. Whilst the brilliant Disraeli climbed the ladder of fortune by the aid of a fertile imagination and a ready party eloquence, Mr. Gladstone rose by the dint of financial talent and solid ability. Each will sink to rest in a halo of glory.

Mr. Carlyle saw in the stern physiognomy of Prince Bismarck a real man—the successful and the real statesman of Europe. One up to the Luther stamp. Talent accompanied by force, and shrewdness with dignity, are qualities perfectly blended in the character of the German Chancellor. Mazzini was a child of democratic frenzy, Garibaldi of revolution, and Bismarck of order—which is the greatest. He

found Germany disunited, enfeebled, sick nearly unto death—he now holds her united and strong. A centre of political forces meet in him, for the time being the spirit and soul of German unity. Bismarck has not left unrequited his great preacher and interpreter. In 1875 he was presented with the Prussian Order of Merit, an honour bestowed by the Knights of the Order and ratified by the Sovereign, limited to thirty German and as many foreign knights. This recognition was prized at its true value, and made the face of Bismarck thrice beautiful in his album.

He never made political capital, or capital of any other sort, by flattering the leaders of any party. He was thoroughly independent and outspoken. Sometimes he hit needlessly hard, and inflicted unnecessary pain, but no one attributed interested motives or a single selfish aim. He passed his life while such lights as Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, and Browning acquired a world-wide fame. With some of them he lived in the closest intimacy and sat in the first rank. Had he been ambitious, he might have ascended the political ladder and taken a first place among the great statesmen of his country; but he chose the gentle felicities of a contemplative life—a student and thinker—and perhaps he may have left as solid a legacy to humanity as he would if he had fought out the pathway of wisdom in the Senate of his country. In his study he may have seen more than he could have done had he been engaged as an agent making history and law. In this respect the advantage lay with him and the world. As a picturesque writer he traced out the true ideal of a great statesman. Some other man must come and live it. Many others, famous and otherwise, have

crossed his threshold and had hospitable entertainments, which history will forget to name, who had a transitory reputation, and a chance, but missed the real tide, drifted, and were lost. Numerous figures of interest are made to strut the dramatic stage, but there is but one hero in whom the passions centre. Time selects her notables with a capricious hand. Many characters, once prominent and noticeable, have gone down into the obscurity from which they should never have emerged. It would be idle to disentomb them, or even to give them a transient airing. Only a few are destined to wear a wreath of immortal honour. Mr. Carlyle's true associates have been many and heterogeneous, but few are called to walk with him on the highway of eternal fame. Their portraits are now known. For many years they have hung about his study as precious souvenirs. Now, as the living interesting figure is removed, we contemplate them with feelings of deeper love and attachment.

CHAPTER X.

CROMWELL THE PROTECTOR.

CROMWELL, after long years of waiting, has at length found in Thomas Carlyle a Hercules strong enough to wash his god-like limbs from the filth and the calumny of two hundred years' standing. This impious monster of English history has been proved guiltless of the heinous crimes laid to his charge—crimes which have had no existence outside the imaginations of his enemies, and invented by party spleen to destroy his reputation in the eyes of the world. This work has been attempted before, but was never completely accomplished until taken in hand by Carlyle, whose shrewdness, industry, and patience have overcome most serious obstacles. In 1845 he published "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations," the first work ever published by the author which met with immediate success. The plan of the work, the carefulness displayed in the arrangement of the letters and speeches, and the forcible manner in which they were elucidated, was irresistible and conclusive, as far as his case was concerned. The real character of Cromwell was depicted by a master-hand. The misrepresentations of men like Hume were refuted, the material for the purpose being drawn from the letters and speeches of the Protector himself. He made him out to be the greatest Englishman who ever wielded the sceptre of empire—in the field a consummate commander, and in the senate a successful legislator—a man of indomitable energy and endurance. The son of a brewer, with no aristocratic advantages to aid him as a passport to

power, rose from his humble position to be a member of the House of Commons, a successful general, and Lord Protector of England, in a time when the feuds of party bitterness were never more malignant, nor the distinctions made by religious bigotry more emphatic. This man, to have attained to so much, especially under these unfavourable conditions, must have had most extraordinary talents and inestimable virtues. The inspiration of his life was liberty. The harsh despotism of Charles I. had driven the people to despair. A shallow and short-sighted mind led Charles into the jaws of death. Foolish resistance to the constitutional usages of Parliament impelled his Parliament to rebel. That spirit which could overthrow the arbitrary power of the Church of Rome had other work to do as effectually in the secular phases of life. When the Church has to change its front, and moderate its arbitrary claims, the secular power must follow suit. The same cause lies at the foundations of both—public enlightenment, virtue, and love of freedom. Before their demands ancient despotisms fall like ropes of sand.

The history of Puritanism is yet unwritten, and the highest protest ever made in England against shams. It had a disgust of all the relics, mummeries, and ceremonies of the preceding centuries. It prized itself free from slavish subjection to the Church. The petitions of the penitent were addressed direct to Christ. Every man and woman prayed for himself or for herself. The temptations and wickedness of the confessional were abandoned. A severe piety, a rigid morality, and a strict observance of all religious duties, prevailed. There was no science in their faith; doubt had no

place. God was an Omnipotent Presence attending to all the details of life, ready to help the pure in heart and curse the ways of the wicked. If the harvest failed, God had withdrawn His love, and had afflicted nature as a mark of His displeasure. If sickness came upon the family, it was God's afflicting hand. Everything ordinary and extraordinary was imputed to the direct expression of the will of God. These direct and simple views of God, as an absolute personal Governor of the world, who knows the secret thoughts of everyone, provoked a homely and simple faith, and dispensed with the High Priest and the confessional, and brought each penitent into personal relationship with Him. God was King in heaven and on earth. His complete triumph in the hearts of men would be a law for the guidance of the nations. All governments were submitted to from necessity, resulting from the natural depravity of the human heart; and as the Jews fell under severe judgments for desiring for themselves a king, a decided antagonism existed against all forms of monarchic rule. A literal interpretation of the Scriptures was insisted upon, and stress was laid upon the communistic character of the teachings of the Gospel. Some went so far as to teach community of goods, &c., after the manner adopted by Jesus and his disciples; but these were esteemed by the more moderate of the party as fanatical and extreme. These opinions had obtained a strong hold upon the people, and a large number of meeting-houses had been opened for spreading them. Even the Church itself had become almost steeped in these doctrines, so that it was quite natural that a Parliamentary party should have

sprung up imbued with this spirit of Christian life, averse to all the common and ancient practices of the Church, and desiring a common wealth for the people under the protection of God. Charles did not share nor adequately measure the force of these opinions when he vaulted into the saddle of imperialism, and overstepped the limits of his constitutional prerogative in levying ship money without the consent of Parliament. This act fell upon very combustible material. The severity of Puritan morals was shocked. The intensity of their alarm cannot be conceived now. In the course which they took they believed they were divinely commissioned to chastise their king. Oliver Cromwell and the party with which he acted were of this fanatical but sincere way of thinking. Crime, in their eyes, was of a double character—an offence against the laws of the realm and against the eternal laws of God. Piety and political partisanship combined, intensified the feelings of the Parliamentary leaders against the illegal acts of the king, and made a firm and compact party, ready to defend by the sword their constitutional rights. Out of these tender elements Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell were made: the irresistible forces arrayed against an arrogant and despotic ruler. Each of these children of liberty was endowed with remarkable traits of character, suitable to take charge of a popular cause, and challenge—for the first time in the history of England—royal feudal prerogatives inconsistent with the growing spirit of democracy. It was the uprising of the lower and middle classes against oligarchic claims unfounded in Christianity and right.

Of all the great characters made by the Revolution that

of Oliver Cromwell was the greatest. He was as intensely hated by his enemies as beloved by his friends. At the Restoration the Royalists flew into the most ridiculous rage against the buried corpses of Cromwell and others. He had been laid to sleep the "eternities" in that national architectural sanctuary, Westminster Abbey—to sleep alongside the Plantagenets and the Tudors. His shrine was invaded, and his body, lifeless and putrefying, was hung upon the gallows of Tyburn. Did anybody ever hear of such a barbarous frenzy before, of weak men overtaken by rage and bigotry? If his body fared thus, how must his name and honour have fared? All the forms of misrepresentation, vilification, and abuse, that the followers of this besotted Restoration could invent, were poured Niagara-like upon him. From this clotted abuse time has done much to help him to rise to light and true vision. His countrymen coming two hundred years after begin to discern the shadowy outlines of his great character, and see the real behind the film of his detractors. The true view of the seventeenth century is dead. Old pamphlets, sermons, and histories are dumb to us—we cannot fill in the living forms as we read the pages. Time has sweet interesting visages out of sight. We see here and there a bold stroke, a great action, and heroism of the true sort, but all the tender fibres of the picture, the personalities of the scene, the real silent workers, have disappeared—gone down to be seen no more. The forms and experiences of this real age will not explain those of the Cromwellian age.

We are left now to take the great features of the scene, the leading personage in the actual drama, out of him

and his workings. His revealments, failures, successes, and remains, fill in the shades with pigment suitable, suggested by the true evolution of all things. Mr. Carlyle did not try fully to depict the age—he rather strove to sketch out the contour of the man for the man he was, the man like unto the age. His follies were largely the follies of his contemporaries, and his sins the sins of the time. It is impossible to take the hero out of his time, and to set him up apart from his surroundings. To see him correctly he must be set up in all the fulness of the life-influences creating and modifying his activities. In awarding individual responsibilities note should be taken of those various and neutralising forces, active and dominant in all societies, which sensibly control the operator, and cut out the visible figure of the leader. To get back into the realities is the work of the historian. A sympathetic imagination is essential, and a keen power of analysis and a soul of large grasp are indispensable, to weigh correctly the influences of individual forces. This modern canon of criticism has led up to the divine altar of historic justice being meted out to the different great actors in the great drama of the past. To judge the follies of the brilliant age of Elizabeth by the standard of Victoria would be a gross injustice. To do justice to the great Burleigh and other favourites we must not stop in this atmosphere, but we must stand upon the same verandah that they stood upon, and then we shall see the same landscape, and be acted upon by the same causes. With this sympathy we can faintly portray the special interior features of the age. The more remote the age, and the more difficult is the task. If history were nothing more than a dry chronicle of events,

the past and the present would present the same features, call forth the same treatment, and leave upon the mind the same results. But the law of progress is actively at work, and every generation removes us a point beyond the preceding one. The past acts powerfully upon the present in this way. The faculty of originality within us is inferior to our sentiments of veneration and imitation. We lay aside the thoughts, customs, and manners of our fathers with difficulty. We perpetuate the virtues and follies of our ancestors largely. The progress of science and clear thinking alone can afford suitable conditions for the exercise of originality. Originality incorporates new material and changes the phase of society. It is this active force which has given the principle of the English Commonwealth a deeper meaning and weight, having come once again to be associated with the freest thought in the community. The aspirations of Cromwell have become again the aspirations of a large part of the nation. We see the struggle in which he was engaged identified with the natural, because just, struggle of humanity to assert its own powers and maintain its liberties in the face of all the obstacles and encroachments which privileged social orders may make to sustain and perpetuate their monopoly of power. These struggles continue from age to age. The dangers arising from ambition and cupidity necessitate society to be ever watchful and ready to spring upon the impudent assailant and destroy his power.

Had Charles been wise and moderate enough in governing his country within the admitted prerogatives of the Crown, as it came to him from his ancestors, and paid a due deference to the feelings and wishes of his people, he might have saved

his head, and slept in honour with his fathers in the old Abbey. Greater events even than these would have been avoided. Maybe Cromwell himself might never have been heard of beyond his birthplace, and certainly that dark calendar of war and outrage written down in history would never have been so written. Thousands of lives would have been spared to follow the proper calling of life in the economic, industrial, and general progress of the kingdom. Fate did not, however, so ordain that it should be. Far otherwise! The mad king sacrificed the good feeling of his subjects, and went down to perdition headless. It is not for us to excuse the acts of Cromwell in the part he especially took in dealing with the king. His execution was no more wicked than that of shooting a private soldier who might be fighting in battle. The life of a king gains nothing by position. The ocean of tears shed for Charles might have been spared for a more worthy object. He was crushed under the overwhelming fervour of a triumphant army. He could not get out of the way; and as an object of menace and danger to the stability of the Commonwealth it was better that one should die than that the veins of war should continue open and thousands more be slaughtered. Society, surveying its condition, accepted the rigours of a merciful necessity, and decapitated their misguided king, who by fighting against his subjects had forfeited his throne. The authority of the people alone is sacred.

We must leave this fertile period of history and come nearer to its special delineator. Thomas Carlyle did not idolise the revolution. He had no spasms about democracies. He was no vain, idle admirer of republics. He adored the

godlike in Cromwell, and not the griffin of the Commonwealth. The acts done under the Commonwealth invaded the principles of liberty perhaps more daringly than even the levying of ship-money. The Parliament was despotic. Cromwell is the centre of interest, as the spirit of the revolution. As a great character he is the grand personation of the age. Understand him and you can comprehend the age. As a type of real English spirit we never had his like. The energy, the public spirit, the enthusiasm, and the sincerity of the people combined in throwing to the surface of its struggle a man as the real embodiment of its spirit—the greatest Englishman yet produced. As a fighting man he had ample courage, as a tactician he had skill, and as a Christian he had piety. He had a rough eloquence, but it was pointed and unaffected—a frank, outspoken, earnest man, who sought to do the will of God as he knew it. In ambition he was moderate, considering the strength of his temptations. A general at the head of a victorious army, willing to be led by him anywhere, against any foe, the crown of England was in his grasp, had he chosen to demand it. He could have destroyed the Church, ejected the clergy from their livings, and appropriated her revenues to other purposes. His enemies lay prostrate at his feet. He was a conqueror complete. He could have made war upon the aristocracy, destroyed their ancient castles, and confiscated their estates, and bestowed them upon the favourite soldiers of fortune which valour had made conspicuous. He could have walked in the footsteps of an Alexander, and rivalled the achievements of William the Conqueror. He could have emblazoned his name upon the history of Europe. But he

had something within his soul which he valued more than glory. He had a conscience, which responded to a high sense of right. He graciously declined a crown which a willing army would have supported upon his head. He declined to be a soldier for any other end but the good of his country and the approbation of his God. His ideas of the Supreme being, that he was his special object of care, chosen to work out His allwise designs. His faith checked his ambition, and his humanity curbed his excesses. As a conqueror he exercised amazing moderation. He did not unjustly eject and chastise the clergy of the Church of England, whom he was justly entitled to regard as his enemies. Their sympathies and their aid went entirely with the king. In his time the humanity of war had not attained the same height it has amongst us. Cruelty and slaughter were more frequently indulged in by the victorious upon the innocent civilians of a vanquished town. The practices of war have become less inhuman since then, even since the days of Wellington, in the Peninsula, who has more questionable blood upon his hands than Cromwell.

His abilities as a legislator and an administrator were of the highest order. With vigour he set the machinery of the courts into action. Judges were set to work to dispose of cases which had been blocked in the court for years, and very soon the laws were duly and creditably carried out. No one was put in prison because of his religion. Every man was free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. The religious life of England gained great strength, and made considerable progress towards a wider toleration. The foreign policy of the Protector became

the importance of the nation, sincerity and spirit distinguished him in his intercourse with European Powers, and he raised his country in the eyes of other nations higher than ever it had stood before in any of the previous reigns. Such was the spirit, talent, and character of the man Carlyle exhumed to speak to the world for himself, through his "Letters and Speeches." A man's own words best depict the true worth of his mind and character. As writer and speaker he is seen doing his work. In these letters we come close up to him, and participate in his best thoughts and secret purposes. We can decide for ourselves upon the worth of his character, and award him our applause or censure, as the character of his designs may provoke our admiration or excite our contempt. No longer can a malignant critic caricature his career, and deny him that fair justice to which all mankind is entitled. Carlyle has done his work right well. He had a courageous heart and a noble sense of right to support him in doing this generous act of justice to this truly noble Englishman—an ornament in the field as a soldier, a sincere patriot, a lover of liberty, a consummate statesman, a tender father, and a humble Christian—decidedly by far the greatest character known to our history.

CHAPTER XL

FREDERICK II., THE UNBELIEVER.

BETWEEN 1858 and 1865 appeared the ten volumes of Mr. Carlyle's famous life of "Frederick the Great." This work is written in the style, and defaced by the old angularities of phraseology, so characteristic of his earlier works. The compilation of this important work occupied him the best part of six years. It was a task in which he grew tired and weary before the finish; yet it left his hands with all the marks of care and accuracy in detail which characterised all his previous works. It holds a first rank, and is superior to German works upon the same subject. He had to contest the field for victory against such writers as Droysen, Preuss, and Ranke. He read everything which bore in any way upon his subject. His industry was marvellous. Rarely did his enthusiasm flag. His love of accuracy never left him; and loud were his exclamations of joy when his work was finished and the sheets ready for the printer. The work met with the general approbation of the critics, and the country bought it, which is a criterion of the popularity of the author.

The prominent figure standing forth in the middle of the eighteenth century, on the continent of Europe, was Frederick II., king of Prussia—a clever general, a wise king, and a thoughtful man. He was born in January, 1712, and died of dropsy, at Sans-Souci, in August, 1786. After some haggling and analysis, his life divides itself into three parts—the Soldier, the Ruler, and the Author. In the

first character he was able and successful; in the second, a careful reformer of grievances and abuses; and in the last, a failure. Nature had bestowed upon him a thirst for greatness. Not content with the trophies of one field he ventured upon others. In literature he had a taste for philosophy, poetry, and *belles lettres*. He was a friend and patron of Voltaire, who for some time resided in his royal palace, and was allowed to visit, at stated hours, for philosophical conversation. The witty Frenchman had a good time while here. A dispute, however, between himself and Maupertius hastened his departure from Frederick's court. One day, while General Manstein happened to be in the apartments of M. de Voltaire, who was busily employed translating into French the "Memoirs of Russia," composed by that officer, the king sent down a few verses for revision to Voltaire, as was his custom, when Voltaire said to his friend, "Come, we must leave off now. You see the king has sent me his dirty linen to wash. I will wash yours at another time." This, Maupertius told the king, which put an end to their friendship and philosophical conversation for some time. Voltaire left the palace and returned to his own country.

Frederick, as a philosopher, had no respect for theological Christianity, nor Roman Catholicism. He was free from religious prejudices, and could see through the shallow devices of priests. He was pronounced by them an infidel, a godless monarch. His infidelity arose out of a philosophical dislike to the unreasonableness of popular Christianity and its advocates. He was the disciple of a philosophical scepticism which rested upon reason for its

support. The methodical combination of atoms and chemical forces in the production of natural phenomena led him to the shores of a heartless materialism. He doubted the existence of a personal God, and sought for the solution of life and existence in the laws of an eternal substance. He did not expect another life after death. Hence he sought to make the best use of this. The great future was an empty chasm—not even peopled by dreams—a dead sea, from which there would be no resurrection. Cheerless faith! But it was the faith he had found expounded in French books, and French literature, which he admired. He studied the forms of French scepticism, and hated the vulgar devices of dogma-bound priests.

This strange king stopped and laid aside the accoutrements of the soldier in the din of battle to court the muses, and weave into verse the forms of his fancy.

Morality can be separated from religion, and can survive when the forms of the latter are destroyed. The justice of his administration, and the prudence and economy he displayed in the management of the national finances, made him the most frugal and the richest monarch in Europe. His court was free from the licentiousness which disgraced some of the courts of Europe. He maintained in the royal household the maxims of Seneca, and taught himself the ethics of Aristotle and Plato. He drew his ideal of greatness from the great characters of Greece and Rome, and sought to emulate the achievements of great statesmen and warriors. His severe virtues told effectively upon the character of his countrymen. Under his hand his country took a foremost place in the politics of Europe. The force of his arms made

the confederation of Germany possible, and brought new life into the Fatherland. His reign witnessed the growth of a fine German literature, to which he was neither a stranger nor averse, though he chose himself to use the softer and more effeminate forms of the French tongue as a vehicle for his thoughts, rather than the harsh notes of his native German. He was not deficient in a love of his country. This sentiment he entertained with the full strength of his soul. He sacrificed his ease, and ran eminent danger in flood and field for her. But the French language was the language of the *dilettanti*. French authors, books, and *bon mots* were very popular, and the language was spoken on all fine occasions by respectable people. Those who aspired to a high degree of culture were acquainted with this language, therefore it should occasion no surprise that Frederick wrote in the French instead of his native tongue. Again, we may state an additional reason. It was supposed that the brilliant genius of France at this time would be able to so dignify the language that it would soon become the language of the learned throughout Europe, just as the fashions of Paris were adopted in London and Berlin. Everything French became fashionable, and the *élite* of Europe imitated the manners of the French nobility. Every phase of European society was becoming intensely French. Continental authors therefore wrote their books in the language of Molière and Fenelon. Two startling causes interposed to defeat the triumph of the French tongue in Europe. The first cause was the sudden enrichment of the German language by the productions of Schiller and Goethe, and the second was the disastrous episodes of the French Revolution. The latter

event staggered the Governments of Europe, and tried the political affinity of every class. There was no want of patriotism in Frederick in choosing the language of Voltaire. The early life of Frederick was devoted to study. His father planned for him a course of military studies, but was thwarted by his son's governess, who inculcated in her apt pupil a love of music and poetry. This greatly enraged and disappointed his father, who acted with great severity towards him. The old king could not see anything in music and poetry suitable for the future King of Prussia. Tactics, sieges, fortifications, and lines of intrenchments would be more befitting, as the father saw (prophetically) some fighting would have to be done by him. The old man forgot that military genius, like that of poetry and music, was a heaven-bestowed gift, and not made by military academies. In 1734, when Frederick had attained the age of twenty-two, his father gave him the town of Rheinsburg, where he resided and passed his time in study till he ascended the throne. He invited some of the most renowned literary characters of his time to share the solitude of Rheinsburg. He corresponded with eminent men in all the countries of Europe, and maintained a most familiar intercourse with Voltaire. In the calm of his Rheinsburg life he wrote his "Antimachiavel." After he assumed the regal dignity his life was passed in camps, under all the trying rigours of military life. In times of calm, snatched from the activities and exigences of his office, he composed works in prose and verse, which were collected and published after his death. As Cromwell was the godlike in the seventeenth so was Frederick in the eighteenth century—a light, radiating and filling Europe

with his presence. His example as a worker, his force as a preacher of natural truths, and the aim of his statesmanship, are not they all now embodied in the living institutions of Germany? The same power which made him a successful general has made a consolidated empire for the Teutonic race—the divine work of an autocrat. Democracy had no place in it. It did not lay a stone in the grand fabric over which Bismarck presides. It is monarchism which can build and consolidate, when it is inspired by true genius. Without genius it is a sulky, helpless, disgusting thing of despotism, which should be cut down, for more fitting material to take its place.

CHAPTER XII.

DELUSIONS.

MR. CARLYLE'S hatred of shams and delusions was always clearly and vehemently outspoken; indeed, he had a power of natural passion which bordered upon the cantankerous sometimes. He never admires in moderation, and it is equally difficult for him to judiciously censure. He is full of force, and runs to the full length of his tether. He had no sympathy with the Chartists. To him the movement seemed mad in the extreme—bottomless. Sometimes he raves and whirls like a dervish, but there is coherence in his ravings. He storms like Jove, and he would apply the same force in moving a wheelbarrow as the Great Eastern steamship. He thunders and roars always like a waterfall, till we get tired with his teasing and tricky monotony. His ravings about ameliorative reforms for the working class, his opposition to many constitutional changes, indicate his total inability to see outside of his study door. At home with books, enthroning heroes and guillotining scoundrels, was work fitted best for him. As soon as he ventured into the practical domain of life he fell sprawling into the mire. His head was too heavy. He had too much of the cloister and too little of the world. His mind was but half developed. His eyes were dazzled with the glitter and tinsel of kings and protectors. He seldom got down to think of the people, and when he did it was to scold and censure some effort to obtain a better and firmer standing in the world. To him the remedial legislation of the last fifty years was but an inane

and useless piece of work, from which good could never be evolved. He did not allow value to circumstances and conditions by which man is environed. We attribute this slight aberration of judgment to a continuous strain of mental effort directed in one current to heighten the effect of his conception of the heroic, though his mind commanded a wide plain of knowledge in the domain of history and general literature, but all his diversified acquirements were made to bend to adorn and define this grand heroic conception of the "all-desirable." He was a perfect iconoclast, he pulled down the sacred and the venerable, he trampled disdainfully upon the foolish illusions of man, and left not a rag of superstition perfect. An iconoclastic temper has a needful and a serviceable work, and a vast deal can be said in support of his views upon the advisability of constitutional changes. He placed no intrinsic value upon a mere form of government as such. He valued liberty not as an empty sentiment spoken by the critic, but just what was its possible service and worth under the circumstances. As a radical philosopher he went deeper into the social heart of the country than Chartism did. He justly saw that if a principle of levelling was instituted to-morrow, abolishing property and social distinctions, it could not last a week. The profligate, the ignorant, and the slothful would to the more thrifty and virtuous barter and sell that which they had. Chartism was based upon a false estimate of human nature, and could not have ended in anything but disaster to the persons and interests involved. From Carlyle's supreme standpoint we may ask, What better are the people of this country now, when all these vast changes have been made in the working



machinery of election and government? Are the people any better governed? Are they better fed? Are the separate trades and interests more secure than formerly? Has poverty been annihilated by Parliamentary reform? Are the people of Ireland better off since the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church? The tongue of the irrepressible orator of grievances is eloquent as formerly, and we seem to be no nearer the era of happiness than ever. May not the progress admittedly made in some phases of our national life be the result of purely independent causes, apart from political changes? We think so. The sad failure of socialism in this country was obvious and complete to such a degree that the time will be long in coming before the people lend themselves to such illusionary and fatal doctrines again.

Of all the mad schemes which the reform frenzy has given birth to, the frenzy of Malthusianism is the most unnatural and ridiculous. We are glad that no false glitter has been imputed to these pernicious fooleries and impracticable nostrums. The moment they were propounded, before they left the doctor's shop, their lewdness and abhorrent filthiness were detected. That men and women should resort to checks to keep down the increase of population, is a dream invented by the devil, impossible in practice, and sickening to ordinary human nature. This dream of an idle philanthropy, which would re-make the conditions of the world, with Charter societies, Malthusian leagues, and the like, are proposals perfectly Utopian, and altogether abortive. Man does not grow from these doctrines. These are not the forces that develop civilisation, and make great empires. Causes which have to be applied by man himself,

and of a peculiar private nature, to some extent offensive to the moral sense, to retard the increase of the species, can never meet with any degree of support. Private circumstances and individual feelings are always more powerful causes of action than general and problematical benefits, applicable to the whole community, arising out of the general sentiment of public virtue. The virtue and force of public opinion is not strong enough to enforce obedience, without resorting to organised force. Ordinary law has to be enforced. Public condemnation of crime does not prevent it. All teaching is violated. Virtue, in itself, is not omnipotent. The soldier, the policeman, and the magistrate, are functionaries essential to human happiness. Low human passions cannot be restrained in the masses by a study of physiology, a useful study to all, but its truths will continue to be neglected by the immoral, thriftless, and careless. It is this large class in which we find the evil complained of by Malthusian teachers. Large families brought into the world without anything to maintain them, produce great misery, suffering, and death. To remove this sad blot upon our social system many proposals have been made, but all more or less impracticable, because to apply them successfully would either be accompanied on the one hand by resorting to gross tyranny, which would not be borne, and on the other hand by physiological manipulation—both unnatural and disgusting. We fear that nothing can be applied but the silent and inherent powers of Nature, by her own methods, to work out the cure. Socially, we do not see that we are so deeply cursed in this respect as some would have us believe. We have suffering, it is true, but it is caused by thriftlessness and

vice. The world is more than large enough for the people who are in it. If we become too crowded together in large industrial centres, it is in violation of all reason, because growth of population implies at the same time a wider territorial area upon which to live. If the population of a state increases, it is a mark of its prosperity. Its prosperity may become the cause of its misfortunes if steps are not taken to find fields of activity elsewhere, to which can be drafted its superabundant population. There are lying idle, in different quarters of the world, tracts of vast extent of the best land, which a bountiful Providence has provided, waiting for the hands we have here to spare. Man must be an emigrator. He must go forth, and subdue, and populate it. Our colonies are our national ventilators, into which we must let off our superabundant labour. They are necessary to perpetuate our greatness at home, and supply our increasing necessities. The cry against emigration, that it exiles our best population, is unsound and senseless.

To foster an abnormal love of country is as great an evil as to foster no love at all. It will produce a national jaundice, that will destroy the enterprising manhood of the nation. The primitive man was a nomad—a wanderer from place to place—and it is to this condition we must continually come for new life and power. The virgin soil is the source of all true growth, both in intellectual and material things. It is vice and the false glitter found in cultivated circles of society that enervates and unfits a part of our population for successfully venturing upon a path of adventure in a partially settled colony, and these are the men who cry out against a policy of exile. Move on is the law of nature. Stand still

and you die. So long as the Roman empire could extend and plant colonies it could circulate its life force, as the heart circulates the blood, and bring back from the distant limits of its empire the rich and precious productions of the earth. When these failed her, through her indifference and vicious indulgences in idleness and profitless amusements, other more vital centres were formed, and she lost her grand prestige—her empire faded into the inane. The providence of natural law has built up her lessons in the history of the past, which she eloquently calls upon us to study and obey. But the stupid race will talk about principles of Liberty and the sacred rights of Freedom. God help man out of these mad phantasms! Liberty is nothing when it gives no bread. The Freedom, with "ballot boxes," "universal suffrage," and the "God Almighty caucus," is nothing to the Sheffield cutler whose nose is fixed on the grindstone. It is nothing to the Lancashire cotton weaver who swallows the villainous china-clay floating in the deadly atmosphere of a cotton mill. Ah! and what can the beautiful white divinity of Freedom be to the black-skinned and miserable Northumberland miner working two hundred and fifty yards down in God's earth? The people want more knowledge, wisdom, and grist—and verily, the last, just now, is the most important! .

The smoke of the "caucus" and the dust from "political clubs" make a false light, the besotted folly of which draws the sight from the main issues of life. The vain gabble about political morality, party honour, and such like—the dawn of a brighter day hope—all this is empty, and stands in the way of a real, true, material "loaf-mug party," the

first and the last political principle of which is "self-improvement." The demagogue and the mob-orator, with their wind-bag philosophy, will have to leave the stump and get to useful work. The greatest obstruction to progress we know is the inveterate political talker, who not only will not work himself, but prevents others from working. You find him taking the chair at trades meetings, you see him in the second-rate tap-room, installed as the talker of the night, enveloped in a canopy of smoke, and besotted with Irish whisky, sitting in judgment upon the great political questions of the day. What a dire pity that this neglected Solon was not the president of a British republic. Sublime guardian of the white-robed angel of Liberty! Bah! this type of demagogic leader can have no recognition among the living agents of a really prosperous state. Progress begins in the individual. Unless you can attack vice, indolence, and ignorance effectively, so as to improve them off the face of the nation, you will have no true progress, nor ever attain the equilibrium of political stability. We may call this an age of political soap-bubbles and shuttlecocks, played by political parties for the diversion and entertainment of the nation. Place, patronage, and cash are the real virtues of a powerful chief. Poor Carlyle, thine eyes have seen and wept over the follies of this great people, and marked the spot from which it must ascend to happiness, wisdom, and peace!

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOOTING NIAGARA.

IN 1867, Mr. Carlyle's old notions about democracy were revived in an article contributed by him to *Macmillan's Magazine*, entitled "Shooting Niagara and After." This is the last literary work of any size the pen of the old author wrote in this world. He did, however, contribute some other little things in the shape of a letter addressed to the *Times* on the Franco-German War in 1870, in which he gave trenchant expression to his views upon the cheap lamentation poured forth on behalf of France as she lay at the feet of triumphant Germany; and in 1875, some contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*, on John Knox's portrait.

But "Shooting Niagara and After" is a characteristic production in every respect. His dislike of democracy is forcibly expressed therein, also his want of faith in mere forms of government which depend upon the principle of counting noses for their justice. His ideas are thrown off as random shots, in a delightful manner, full of vivid pictures, and in his most rugged and startling style.

The work of killing the inevitable at any time is a waste of powder and ball. We may give a ghastly grin of contempt, but the irresistible hand holds with a firm grip, and we are hurried forward to do its omnipotent bidding. The reign of law is complete. If our short-sighted aims do not comport therewith they come to nought. All our reveries about change and disdainful contempt of old and existing political forms come to less than a shadow. We cannot create. We

are submissive subjects in the hands of an inscrutable law, working out a fixed, unalterable, divine purpose. Everything is created for us. We have the choice to apply that which is created for our use, that it may be of good. But even this work becomes, in these complicated environments, a matter fraught with extraordinary difficulties to us. To pay out to every man his fair share of all the things which are useful is the aim of political economy—the real science of life. Its banner has been waving some time now over a grateful humanity, but still we meet very often the inevitable beggar. Like all the other rogues of the world, he too is working out the maxim of an unfeeling barbarism under the gospel of cash: "Buying in the lowest market and selling in the dearest." And the poor fellow has to plod, shoeless and comfortless, through this world a beggar, the only creature that can be made by the rules of political economy. A system of book-making off the Turf, in which a poor man invests his labour; and let the horse win which can, the bookmaker fills his bag and is ready for the next race. The poor man with his nose upon the ground, sorrowfully bemoans his hard lot, and consoles himself with a noble sense of duty that he must buy in the lowest market and sell in the dearest. Oh, selfish man! Is this also inevitable? Shall we waste powder in "Shooting Niagara"? Not we! The numbers are up for the next race—industry must win an old hat; but the "fielders" stand on "velvet." Necessity, profit, and pleasure constitute the godhead of humanity—the inevitable three subsistences in the trinity of Comteism. Necessity goads, with iron fangs, the poor man on to labour—his stomach drives him on to satisfy its cravings. Profit drives the

speculator and the tradesman on to get more profits, and pleasure is the supreme end of the hopeful man with the money bags. God help these phantasms of the "new era," that they may not sink us! "It is dangerous to change horses in crossing a stream." The poultices, the bleedings, and the quack nostrums that charlatans seek to apply to the disorganisations of society, are instances of "Shooting Niagara." The physician cannot even gauge the pulse of his patient in these times of social disorders, fractures, and broken heads.

Russophobia is a political malady which afflicts a number of our statesmen. We may call it political measles. The symptoms are a most distressing sickness, accompanied with great heat in the region of the phrenological organ of combativeness. Its attacks are generally of short duration, but the patient is very irritable and discontented. He generally relapses into a low fever, the malady then passes out at the top of his head, the mind assumes its normal placidity, and goes to work again as if nothing had happened. Though we sympathise ever so much with the patient, we cannot help laughing at the silly vagaries he laid his tongue to in the time of his delirium. Russia has wicked designs upon Turkey. The Czar has his eyes fixed upon conquests in the centre of Asia, to construct a suitable base of operations to attack our Indian Empire. The wicked old man is our natural enemy. He is the Mephistopheles pulling the strings at Cabul. The minions at Candahar are in his secret pay. Ayoub Khan is acting under his secret instructions. It is his evil purpose to descend upon India and rob us of this grand piece of Oriental plunder. Ah! this stuff is not good enough to turn a third-rate political mangle. If

Turkey is too sick and debilitated to hold her own in the great struggle of the survival of the fittest, it is no business of ours. If Russia is fond of spending her money in military adventures beyond the Caucasus, and wooing with the affections of a lover the remote districts of Herat, it is nothing to us. Would not it be better that the flag of the Czar should fly side by side with our own in Afghanistan than our flanks should be harassed by a horde of superstitious barbarians? Cannot we fight Russia at the proper time, and beat her? In the event happening either way, we can accept the inevitable, and cease firing away our powder at the roaring falls of Niagara. And, by-the-way, the English Government, too—a Government which never does anything wrong—has its own little pet schemes of territorial invasion on hand—a small rectification of the Indian frontier, to appear more scientific on the school maps, with a costly bill attached in blood and cash. The former does not matter much, as it does not appear in the budget. It is added to swell the bulk of our “gunpowder glory”—the latter the pangs of our poverty. Our young soldiers are now also fully employed in a little job in the Dark Continent, viz., running against the leaden bullets of the Boers. Heroic souls! how like their fathers’ work, which history bemoans. We suppose it is all needful: the Briton must have elbow-room. To cry against it would be crying over the Niagara Rapids.

Among the rank and file of sorry philanthropisms of the day, the most conspicuous is the Teetotal philanthropism, kicking and vociferating against the enormous drink traffic. This ponderous leviathan of evil rises its impudent head unawed by the moral machinery at work at its roots to cut

it down. Despair almost darkens the witty face of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Schools are emptied of young men, and prisons are filled by the baneful influence of the great drinking habit. The prime leaders of the nation are indifferent, some even who sit in high places are interested in maintaining a trade which is at the root of four-fifths of crime, and the real cause of the poverty in the country. If governments were instituted among men to promote the ends of a moral justice, more vitality would be expended in aiding ameliorative measures which have received the stamp of approval from the best men in the land. This agitation for the total suppression of the liquor traffic is becoming wearisomely dull, uneventful, and profitless. The stomach logic of the ale drinker for the moment is carrying the flag of victory, and until men become more Christian and true these mad things will continue as they are. The Niagara Rapids will carry all before their fell sweep, and humanity sometime will find itself submerged in the froth and foam, hopelessly engulfed, vainly crying for a hand to save when no hand will be powerful enough to extend that aid which is possible at the present time. The electricity of a new political faith only can lift man out of his social difficulties and set his feet upon the rock.

When will Ireland be at her maddest? Her madness is the product of English selfishness and imbecility. Ignorance and arrogance are dangerous tools to employ long in administering the affairs of a country like Ireland. The conquest of a people by force is a devil's work, and he will make rough work so long as his tail is tied fast in the Act of Union. Harmony will be impossible. Responsible ministers act as

if they had no ears. Land League orators are plain speakers. Nothing less than Ireland for the Irish will do. Pshaw! What will your Land Acts do when they do not remove the English landlord? The physician would be a mad man to take out his patient's eye when he should be drawing his tooth. The landlord's improvement off the face of Ireland is the end sought. The Irish say, "Release us from the contract of the Act of Union. It is not our contract—we never willingly entered into it." This is the bill of demand sent up by two-thirds of the people of Ireland. A fearful state of things truly; and to make the thing worse every Englishman knows that the Land League has a righteous cause, as sacred as the cause of Italian liberty or Greek independence. Coercion Acts and Land Bills are blank cartridge shot at the falls of Niagara. They are noise and smoke which will not even bring credit to the political party that deals in them. Murders and assassinations are the production of rashness, immorality, and ignorance—conditions which are found always, more or less, in the moving causes of revolution; but the real cause lives in history, and its claim upon justice never becomes less just. To Ireland, at any rate, the conclusion must be obvious that a dissolution of the Act of Union is impossible while England has power to enforce it; and as the six million Irishmen in Ireland number little more than the inhabitants of the English metropolis, it is hardly likely that an appeal to arms would bring a straw of hope. It is not for the conqueror to yield and lay down his arms. If Ireland wants good she will discard the counsel of an abstract justice which never yet has formed a niche in the temple of practical politics, and accept, under

her circumstances, the best fare she can get from the magnanimous generosity of English statesmanship. By wise effort, and the cultivation of a mutual and amicable spirit, only can the full blessings of freedom, which shall be common alike to England and Ireland, be obtained.

This Sunday, the 13th day of March, 1881, will ever after be memorable. The Czar of Russia assassinated! Poor monarch! thy autocratic dignity was not worth to thee these sad experiences! The world does and will ever execrate such crimes! The banner of a mad Nihilism is covered with eternal shame; and white-handed Justice will be a long time before she takes thought to lay hold of thy cause. Irreparable injury! Infamous scoundrelism! Madmen are ever found doing mad wicked work. Another victim gone down the yawning throat of Niagara! Nihilism is now more than hateful. It has joined hands with Fenianism and darkness, and invoked to its aid the infernal machine of deliberate murder. These calamities do not help the right. Liberty and justice walk the ground of morning with white and clean hands. Any other hand would destroy the sweet and delicate flower of freedom. Whatever hope there might have been for socialism in Russia, it is destroyed. The infirmities of imperialism will be forgot in the universal expression of sympathy; while the Czar's excellences will be magnified into great virtues, and his life crown the laurels of success and martyrdom. The assassin must be an object of extreme hate. Poor fellow! he was the fated tool of someone still more mad. All countries have such. May the royal house of England never be darkened by such a calamity! Her Majesty

is a noble woman, loving and beloved by her people. This event stands with a terrible lesson in it, both for sovereigns and peoples alike to learn and profit.

But we must come back to "Shooting Niagra and After," and not be drawn away to the contemplation of other rapids, however interesting. We can never lose our interest in the inner force of evolution—controlling and shaping the career and destiny of the political and all worlds. Monarchs and aristocracies may tumble down, but the great fountain of right is eternally open. When we can better see it, it will be still better. Possibly that aristocracy and authority which claims presidency upon mere titular grounds may fall into the destructive hands of the anarchic. But God's own aristocracy, shining in the real qualities of intellect, can never be swamped in a vulgar upheaval of democracy. Talent will live, and a real ennoblement cannot be resisted. The false principle in an aristocracy is the hereditary principle. Genius is not hereditary: it is heaven's own true gift, is meant for good, and finds its sphere of activity everywhere. An aristocracy of land or wealth must now begin to feel its weakness and growing debility. For the last hundred years the iron visor of Feudalism has been rapidly wearing away. The privileged order of England is a mere chronicler of legislation. The Commons House is the house of eloquence, of vigour, and of originality. The House of Lords is the house of dullness, shattered reputations, and grey hairs, recruited occasionally by cast-off members of the lower house. Who cares now for the empty laurels of an earldom or dukedom? To leave the bracing atmosphere of the House

of Commons for that of the Lords is looked upon with as deep a dread as extinction. It is the same. The House of Commons constitutes the true nobility of England. The house of representative talent, debating its way to knowledge and wisdom, is the barometer measuring the force of public opinion and duly registering the same, and sending forth its thought actually to form and consolidate public opinion on many needful and useful matters.

The new nobility of capital—constituted of the successful grocer, draper, and manufacturer—has secured its legitimate place in the social arrangements of society. It occupies a most essential position as an agent in the production of a sound utilitarian public opinion. Its politics are based upon arithmetic, and its aim is good trade. He is a perfectly practical politician, is this disciple of grist. He becomes a humanitarian in his sense of freedom, out of pure selfishness and love of gain. Party ministers cannot think of holding him as a supporter unless they can promise him good trade. Bad trade drives him into the ranks of the opposition, with a change of government as his cry. He holds a unique position. He can make and unmake a Government. Hence his position is considered, by both Liberal and Tory, one of first-rate importance. The individual members of this arithmetic party are mostly men who have made themselves by their shrewdness and thrift. In religion, generally they are Nonconformists, and are in favour of the Disestablishment of the English Church. Some few of them aspire to wash away the taint of humble origin, and ape the manners without the refinement of the aristocracy. They wear eyeglasses and have fine dinner parties,

patronise art and indulge in costly pictures; they buy books in grand bindings to lie unread on the shelves of a library, to impress their neighbours with their profound love of literature. Their daughters are attended by noted musical tutors, and play artistically the musical revelries of Gluck, Meyerbeer, and Lecocq. They patronise the fashionable theatres, adore the successful actor, and carry bouquets of flowers to throw upon the stage. To all intents and purposes they shine in all the qualities with the ladies of the upper ten thousand. Their brothers share too the same ambition to be thought something of by the world, and mingle in all the fashionable pleasures and pastimes. They wear clothes made by the most fashionable tailor, carry a stick in their hand, part their hair down the middle, and play an excellent game at billiards. They associate with the most respectable people in the town, work hard to get upon some local board or board of guardians, as representatives of the ratepayers, to breathe the air of official life, which gives them a valuable and esteemed dignity in the eyes of their less fortunate and ambitious neighbours. All are very useful men in their way, and very soon, like the rest of mankind all over the world, fall into class prejudice, with instincts of party honour as strong and characteristic as those belonging to any other class. Whatever advice is tendered to the other great parties of the State, it is given in the strait-laced party spirit, without any aims of general or universal good. The first great thought is, will it do us good—will it be an advantage to trade? Their god is the dollar; and, therefore, the true science of growth unfolds to us the clear right, in the face of these mighty obstacles to a disinterested spirit

of liberty, that all these social influences, aristocratic, commercial, agricultural, and industrial, should come fairly and squarely together, and evolve a complete national organisation for the attainment of the best governing qualities of the whole. Of all the conditions found in the social life of England, the essential worth of trade stands first in importance. It stands even before the land in this country. The people are so numerous, the wealth in the country is so large, that commerce must exist and thrive, or the nation loses its vitality, poverty overtakes its population, and ruin the moneyed class. Legislation and political effort should be directed to make that most easy which does the most for the development of the country, the people finding that no legislation, however important, which does not do this is not to the purpose and not to be maintained. Legislation must arise out of something more serious than an aristocratic reverie; it must be founded upon the real needful want of a trading community. We merely point out that this should be the general spirit of legislation. Any other will be a blind effort to shoot the Falls of Niagara. Mr. Carlyle has been charged with a want of political aptitude and practical sagacity. It is a mistaken charge. The fog of party government is so thick that his philosophical and practical ideas, lying scattered like primroses throughout his various writings, prove him to have had a more profound insight and prophetic vision of real political conditions than those men in the worry of political action who were supposed to know all about the serious problems of government. Mr. Carlyle will yet be understood when this madness is dead of "ballot boxes," "caucuses," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

LORD RECTOR.

WE have before referred to Mr. Carlyle's wonderful powers of inexhaustible talk. He was not garrulous; he was not flippant. He talked more than ordinary good sense. A stranger might listen to him, and his flow of words and thoughts would be astounding in the extreme. No halt—the narrative and the preaching rushed on like a torrent, and you listened to the ungiving of his great mind, and to the revelations of its marvellous contents, with amazement. He talked because talk was natural to him. He could not keep silent, the moving current of his thoughts was too strong, and all who heard him came to listen, not to talk themselves. The mouth of the prophet was opened to utter wise prophecies, and instruct mankind in the ways of wisdom. Those admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the philosopher were struck with the simplicity of the student's habits, and the great collection of literature lying in the wildest confusion about the room. Though an inveterate talker he had no passion to impel him to seek honours on the platform. He did not care for the bustle of Parliament and all that kind of display. He had a nervousness in appearing before an audience which he could never get over.

In 1866 he made his never-to-be-forgotten speech on his election as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University—his own University, where he spent a few years in earnest study getting ready for the serious work of life. He felt a justifiable pride to return to the scene of his first efforts as a student half

a century before, as Lord Rector, the highest honour the University could bestow. This public appearance of Mr. Carlyle was looked forward to with a widespread interest. Old students in all parts of the world were deeply interested. Literary and political characters evinced a degree of interest seldom evoked even by the appearance of a most popular leader on an important occasion. Applications were made to the heads of the University, from all parts of Great Britain, for admission. The railway stations witnessed most unusual scenes—politicians, literary notabilities, doctors, university men, clergymen, and gentlemen, going away to Edinburgh. Their whole talk was about Thomas Carlyle. Never perhaps in England and Scotland before were gathered together an array of talent and ability so eminent in politics, science, and literature, as that which shouted when he rose to deliver his inaugural address. He was nervous and embarrassed by the tumult and fervency of their welcome. It was not work after his kind thus to speak, especially under this weight of laudation. He called upon his intellect, and soon the ponderous machine got to work. It did not move with finished and regular stroke, as if controlled by a properly adjusted spring. The vital action of his soul felt the sympathetic atmosphere of the vast meeting. Hence, his sensations were anything but pleasant or agreeable. Sometimes, for a moment, he could see his way through the dense jungle of his thoughts, and then he plunged headlong into a thick Scotch mist, stumbling and floundering. But speedily he did recover himself, and become master of the situation. Beautiful oases of tropical splendour set in a rugged, solemn, and broken framework, will be aptly descriptive of his address.

Cautious, precise, and very learned Lord Rectors, usually bestow great care in the preparation of their addresses. Every word is committed to paper, carefully written out and pointed, and rehearsed many times over to acquire the proper rhetorical polish. Every movement of the hand, and turn of the eyes, and point for applause is carefully marked. Such performances, as a rule, are tame, and awfully inane: no room for inspiration, no chance for the orator to get through the essayist—all is flat, dead like a Grecian statue. Carlyle broke through this system. He had no manuscript, books, or papers. He had materials enough quite in his intellectual warehouse to make a hundred addresses of this kind, if he had had time to give them.

He placed first in importance before a young University student the reading of books. But of the reading of books there is no end. Libraries cannot be read, much less thought of, by a young man who will be able to stay in the college a few years only. He must read such books as bear upon the subject of his special study. It is a difficulty to tell what sort of books to read, for it is desirable that only the best books be read. It is an advantage to have a prudent and wise counsellor to direct a young man to that class of reading which will be best suited to his present and future studies. There are books written upon all subjects. The books which are written upon any one subject are not all of sufficient importance to be read. It will be well for the student to read only the best authors. The mind will then be cultivated by the purest models, and derive the best statements of thought on the subjects dealt with. Reading is mental food. When we have read an author, that is not enough—

our work is not then done—we must try to think for ourselves and form our own conclusions. It is in this way we become able to form a correct opinion and expose error. We build up the powers of the mind, enlarge the capabilities of the intellect, and cultivate a logical understanding. It is unwise to read everything: it is a waste of time and energy. Works of fiction and imagination are not altogether to be condemned. They are useful to entertain and restore power to an exhausted mind. Well-written works of imagination help to develope the taste and refine the mind, if only the best authors are read. Books on history must not be neglected, the past must be understood before we can know the present or shape the future. There is a science of history as much as a science of astronomy, of chemistry, or political economy. Mr. Buckle had a massive brain. In his great work on civilisation he tried to sketch the lines of a possible science of history. Mr. Carlyle stands at the antipodes of Mr. Buckle with the declaration that the heroic—the godlike—is as cause and effect in history. It is needful that this great subject be studied fully, that the vast transactions now being carried out in the world may be forecast in their results. If there be a science of history we ought to be able to forecast the effects of the Elementary Education Act upon the future condition of the working class, in their social, political, artistic, and religious relationship, and the effects which these changes will have upon the practical science of government, constitutional changes, the aristocracy, and the middle class. If we have not yet proceeded so far in the classification of historical phenomena as to lay down the exact law of cause and effect the work may be possible. Those great heroes of history

who have come across the pathway of humanity, and left an indelible mark behind them, may be the result of as yet unseen forces deeply rooted in society, working silently but infallibly for the production of most startling and extraordinary results. We confess as yet little has been done even to classify the facts of history. Writers have attempted to deal with too much. They have produced little more than a table of chronological events—what we may call the dry dead bones of history. From these dry dead bones we want to infer their proper anatomical structure, and call back the animating spirit. To do this correctly we must see all the events great and small; but if the field of vision take in one thousand years we cannot do it. We see great men and great events only, and not those quiet but certain universally occurring phenomena in the unseen void of time. We may sail over seas in which the coral reef is forming, and not observe the millions of toiling coral insects. We know the fact when some large Pacific steamship strikes upon it and goes to pieces. In like manner we are overwhelmed with the shock of revolutions and assassinations bursting violently and suddenly upon us. These are the results of equally certain operating causes underneath the placid but mistaken state of society. He is the best historian who can go down beneath the surface and accurately arrange the phenomena taking place there. Causation, to comprehend it should be the aim of all historic study. To read history for the mere knowledge that Magna Charta was signed at Runnymede in 1215 is in itself not worth much, but it becomes a great deal, and the centre of a great deal more, when the social, political, and religious conditions of the times are known.

Books of biography are closely allied to books of history, and cannot be put on one side as of secondary importance. Books of this class are usually read to inform the mind and inspire the ambitious with the aims of progress. There are few biographies yet written which present real and true photographs of the men attempted to be described. They lack sympathy to feel and enter into the spiritual impulse and condition of the men. They are mere descriptions of the topography of life, a running together of the events as they have taken place in time, no attempt being made to analyse the secret springs of individual action and opinion, and measure the effects of the gentle zephyr. The picture is drawn between the two points, birth and death. To the biographer, birth begins and death ends all. For a true science of biography this view is too limited, and does not account for the wonderful phenomena developed in individual life. The most useful and interesting study in connection with Thomas Carlyle would be the investigation into the pre-natal conditions which produced such a rare ornament to the human race. He was the united product of the individual physical and spiritual vitality of James Carlyle and his wife. There lay latent in these two individuals the forces capable of producing him at that particular time. His mental aptitudes were not accidental. His mental, physical, and spiritual possibilities were the outcome of parental condition, of which, as physiologists and psychologists, we have to express complete ignorance. If we knew the science of human life we ought to know what effects would flow from defined physiological and spiritual conditions, but these are what the biographer does

not know, and never thinks about. Shakspeare's plays, Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Carlyle's "French Revolution," are the outcome of spiritual and physical arrangements in the molecules of the entire human system. If we knew the laws of combination and evolution, we could tell what a man would be at his birth, as we see no reason to doubt that all nature is controlled by the force of invariable law. Biography, with its unstudied phenomena, would be then deeply interesting, and lead to a complete revolution in human knowledge and institutions. The unknown laws of vital affinity, that control the evolution of the physical and the intellectual in man, in the parents combine. These laws were active in James Carlyle and his sensible wife, before the important day, December 4th, 1795. Before that day the beating heart of Mrs. Carlyle was piling up the brain and filling it with that life-force which subsequently came to fruition there. All the reading, study, and University toiling in after years was mere sunshine and rain to the soul—the power came with the child and the beginning. In reading and writing biography we must try to keep the mind and its conditions distinct. We can then see how much the former is aided or retarded by the favourable and unfavourable influences of the latter. Thus we arrive at a determination of the true causes of success and failure in life. How far are we from this true science of life? We hardly see it yet as a shadow advancing in the distance.

His Edinburgh speech on the following day covered some acres of letterpress, and was read with universal applause. He came amongst the students, and was covered with honour. His head was not affected by the trial, though it might have

turned the brain of many men similarly situated. We just recollect seeing somewhere an account of the public crowning of Voltaire, in 1788, in Paris. Poor man! he could not stand it! He died soon after, poisoned with the nectar of applause. He was a shallower man than Carlyle, and could not carry his moonstruck head through the vain flatteries of the French playhouse. Praise or blame had very little effect upon the mental state of the Lord Rector. It was, however, an ovation the like of which he would never see again. Indeed, when will England see another like it? Lord Rectors of his calibre come but once in the course of a century or so. In a large sense it was real homage paid to literature and learning, the manifold obligations of the public to which can never be told. A real thinker is the gift of God, and his influence upon humanity is endless.

The speech was a rare contribution from a life-long experience passed in the study, among books. He had more than an ordinary claim to be heard upon the subject. He had done much false reading, and a little thinking of the same, that cannot now be undone. No one lamented it so much as himself, because it occupied time, and the time of the real man is more than money. He had, therefore, a right to teach and caution upon this great matter of books. It is the most important information which can be put into a student's hands. We should all try to make our own experience profitable to others, and then we should meet with fewer failures in life. How few there are who ever venture to give from their inner self the rich harvest of experience garnered there to help on the young. It is a solemn duty of the first order.

There was one phase of this great gathering peculiarly agreeable to Mr. Carlyle, more even than any other. It presented him an opportunity of shaking the hands of long-lost friends. University companions meet in that far-back youth, when hope was warm and life inexperienced. What a bridge of anxious effort was covered by those years of toil! Some he remembered were not there! Their genial and lovable memories lingered in his recollection, endeared to him by some fond tie, but gone into the dreamless night! the measureless eternities! Oh, how sad! Many there were, however, who had stood through battle even to this time, and to meet these was a banquet of love to his soul. Down those cheeks ran red-hot tears, as water down the ravines of the mountain, as the sunny days of youth came back upon him with their dear remembrances—recollections of happy times that the light of day can never break into. All men have such. Some things are carved deep, and have made themselves a niche in the house of memory which Time's effacing fingers can never erase. What blessings and well-wishings came down upon Carlyle's poor head then and since. A malignant fate has sometimes some sting laid up for us against the day of our supremest joy. In the midst of our entrancing pleasures we feel the fangs of the adder's bite. Amidst this northern carnival of reason the electric wires transmitted the dreadful news to him that Mrs. Carlyle was dead. This awful event staggered and bewildered Mr. Carlyle, dissolved life's enchantment, and drew a curtain of gloom over his mental horizon never more to be raised while doing or trying to do duty in this world.

CHAPTER XV.

CRUEL DEATH.

A RIGHT-MINDED man never willingly covets death. Death is a monster of hideous mien and ghastly grin, whom we run from with all our might. If we have a faith ever so strong in an immortality beyond the grave, there is a want of serious reality about all our thoughts of those we hold so dear. We cannot realise their actual existence, yet we have a fond sweet hope that they do exist, and are only waiting to receive us when we shall relinquish our hold upon this life. This little hope sweetens our trials and disappointments, and enables us to get over our bereavements.

The death of Mrs. Carlyle was to Mr. Carlyle a severe blow. Death is so at any time, but peculiarly so under the extraordinarily painful circumstances connected with the death of Mrs. Carlyle. While he is receiving the highest honour the learning of Scotland can bestow, Mrs. Carlyle is at home. The journey to Scotland was deemed too much for her, but her mind is fully directed to and employed on what is taking place there. Her heart is light and happy, and she feels more than usual a desire to go out. The day is fine, and the park environs are delightful. How beautiful do the works of nature become when beheld by a mind full of the electricity of satisfaction! The coachman drives gently along. Poor man! he does not know dear Mrs. Carlyle has gone upon a longer journey! She sees not the glory of these scenes! They have faded away,

and she has driven through the portal into an amaranthine park, from which she will not seek to return again to the questionable honours and enjoyments of a lower world. She has made short work—no painful farewells, but just gone quietly out at the gate into the endless enjoyments of spirit life. The coachman, finding her unusually quiet, stepped down, and found her dead! Carlyle was wild. Despairing passion, the struggles of his love with his bereavement, gained not a feeble expression. He says, "The light of my life is gone out." His letters were touched with the solemn pathos of Jeremiah the prophet. His heart was fairly riven, and his life a smouldering pile of ashes. He raves like this to a friend of his sacred grief: "A most sorry dog-kennel, it oftenest all seems to me; and wise words, if one even had them, to be only thrown away upon it. *Basta! basta!* I, for the most part, say of it, and look with longing towards the still country where, at last, we and our beloved ones shall be together again. Amen, Amen." To another friend he writes: "It is the saddest feature of old age that the old has to see himself every day growing more lonely—reduced to commune with inarticulate eternities, and the loved ones, now unresponsive, who have preceded him thither. Well, well, there is blessedness in this, too, if we take it well. There is grandeur in it, if also an extent of sombre sadness, which is new to one. Nor is hope quite wanting, nor the clear conviction that those whom we most screen from sore pain and misery are now safe and at rest. It lifts one to real kingship withal, real for the first time in this scene of things. Courage, my friend! Let us endure patiently! Let

us act piously to the end!" The heart of Mr. Carlyle does him equal honour with his head. He was not a cold metaphysical logician. He had a heart impregnated with the true sentiment of love. The sincere nature of his affection is beautifully depicted in his published "Memorials." Warm, glowing sentiments are there expressed, and left to be seen by others who have felt the like. There he has built a storehouse, to which many sad and broken-hearted ones will turn for consolation and suitable expression of pent-up feelings. In that heart, full of real worship, the vein of happy thoughts flows with a soft and sober melancholy. Mrs. Carlyle had a noble nature, and that nature did much to purify and enlarge the moral and sympathetic sphere of Mr. Carlyle. He owed an unusual amount of quiet energy to her. Her mind threw off a most suggestive vitality to him; and by her genial tenderness the roughness of life lost all its saddening pain. Her atmosphere was one of enlivening serenity and hope. Her intellectual faculties were well developed. A quick learner and observer, with a faculty of making the most of things, she did not pass through the world without amassing a wide experimental knowledge of mankind in general, though she drew a great deal of her power from her husband and his books. She had an innate intellectual worth, special, of her own. She drew her strength from a shrewd observation of the phenomena of nature. There was a sweet sense of repose about her thoughts which betokened more than usual care in cultivation. Her life was free from excitement. It was a quiet life, passed in the seclusion of the study and plodding literary effort. For humanity, in some of its darker phases,

she evinced a practical sympathy. Her benevolent hand was well known to many frequenters of her door-step. Her moral nature was stronger than her intellect. She evinced a profound veneration for her country, its weird legends and stories, its old associations and customs, and its deeds of heroic chivalry. She had a keen sense of the sublime and grand. Her imagination was active, but never deluded or clouded her judgment. She had a powerful sense of justice and sincerity, and had a faculty for finding it in others. Her apprizement of the moral value of men and women was seldom wrong. She had a sweet, charming, decile nature. Her domestic virtues were supreme. Home was the scene of her achievements, and the stage upon which she played her part so well and acceptably. She had a rare unsophisticated sensibility and affection, which relaxed not in sincere power with the encroachments of age. Well might he say "the light of his life had gone out." The vacuum in his domestic circle was appallingly oppressive. If he had been a man with a deep sense of the marvellous he would have drawn consolation from the belief that her spiritual presence hovered near him night and day, as a guardian angel keeping watch and ward. He might have seen her gently push aside the curtain and press her face close to his and plant a loving kiss upon his cheek. We can easily believe it possible, if there be these silent watchers circulating through the sombre stillness of the night, that her love would seek to come and render up this graceful tribute to him she loved so well. An active imagination could weave aerial forms, like the ideals of Goethe and the poets, to people his cheerless home with

happy attendants, resting in the serene motionless eternity. Thomas Carlyle's mind yearned after the awakening presence of such beings.

Ere this, in the measureless expanse of life, they doubtless will have met each other—one pure soul attracting another, as the pole attracts the magnet, never more to be parted again. What seemed dark and confused speculation will be beautiful and joyful reality. Immortality will have become a fact, and the glorious azure of the spiritual sky will have awakened in their hearts a higher and a deeper realisation of the endless majesty of human life. The inconceivable power of youth in the spirit will not yet even be faintly comprehended; but to the enlightened understanding the soul cannot stand still—it must make progress, and enlarge its experience in all the things of God and nature, especially in regard to those things which lie in the realm of the spirit and soul intuition.

CHAPTER XVI.

LETTER WRITER, COUNSELLOR, AND FRIEND.

MR. CARLYLE was a prolific letter writer. If a young man fresh from the country sought his advice, he tendered it freely, and generally it was rare good sense. The inquirer might be surprised at the severe punctuality and worth of his replies—no waiting, but straight off the reel, out of his rich soul, came the asked-for advice. Hundreds of men now owe largely their success in life to the friendly encouragement and advice tendered them by him. He knew right well that a friendless young man, out of a quiet home in the country, needed some guidance in this great whirlpool of life, and this yawning chasm of a metropolis, with its vast population, amusements, competitions, rivalries, and temptations. To a young man of spirit a life in London is entrancing. Everything good and everything bad is found in London. It is a vast workshop and a huge playhouse, and the people are the *dramatis personæ*. To the study of the formation of character he had devoted much attention. He knew a great deal of the failings of human nature, and its strong passions, therefore he had a lively sympathy with a young man making his first essay at practical living in this world. The value of his advice was esteemed by others who had determined to carve out their fortunes in another land. Eager emigrants to the United States, Canada, the Cape, New Zealand, and Australia, sought not his advice in vain. Many a successful farmer, located beyond the Rocky Mountains, to-day will regret the departure of him from amongst us, and

breathe a blessing on his name for the soundness of the counsel gratuitously given them in the old country. "God bless the Sage of Chelsea!" has been ejaculated by hundreds. The true generosity of his nature was not seen the least in his many acts of kindness rendered to unfortunate men of letters. No child of genius ever sought his help in vain. He would listen to the tale of anguish and misfortune, and do his best to aid and console. This beautiful trait of character shines out from a rugged exterior. It is all the more valuable because he knew how to help without wounding, and give friendly counsel without inflicting pain. Many a man is now walking the streets of London, in the last stage of despair, to whom a little wise counsel and generous help would give a start in life and open up the avenue of success and honour. The pathos of a practical philanthropy like his—free, unostentatious, and set off by the philosopher's emphatic manner—made a deep impression upon all he came in contact with. What he did in this way was purely done privately, and unseen by the public eye. He did not like the fame which springs from dutiful acts of benevolence, lest his purpose might be misunderstood.

We are now approaching the serene stillness of his closing years, that sweet calm of days which ought to close a well-spent life, for which many worthy have sighed in vain, being hurried into silence with the harness of heavy work upon them. His mind is as clear as ever, his wit as pungent, and his satire as biting, but the old physical machine is getting spongy and rickety and not capable of work. The candle is still burning, but it is down away in the socket. He cannot, however, rest. That poor Jamaica business is

making some disturbance in the public mind of England. That autumn of 1866 Governor Eyre had aroused a large amount of cheap indignation against himself through the strong measures he took to suppress the Jamaica insurrection. The extreme wing of Liberalism and the philanthropists did in the House of Commons and the country impugn Governor Eyre's wisdom and justice. Mr. Carlyle stepped forth to aid the Defence Committee, as a British citizen, in their effort to sustain Governor Eyre in his wise policy of order. At the meetings of the Committee he spoke the last time at any public meeting. In taking the side of the Governor of Jamaica he sided with order against lawlessness and violence. Revolt and revolution were not the methods to employ to obtain a redress of grievances. Respect for existing law was the citizen's first and highest duty. If a change in the law was needed, the Constitution provided a means by which the need could be met. In reply to the charge that Governor Eyre used more violence to put down the revolt than was necessary entirely depends upon the circumstances of the case. In dealing with a conspiracy it is most difficult to gauge its power and extent, and a bold stroke, dealt vigorously at the beginning, might save effusion of blood. The stroke might seem to persons at a distance hard and unfeeling, when in reality it was the most humane course which could have been taken.

We have before mentioned that remarkable letter written by Thomas Carlyle to the *Times*, dated Chelsea, 11th Nov., 1870. That grand letter provoked some comments at the time, but it is distinguished by that same strong insight of character and principle which marked so clearly his other

writings. It is the most remarkable because it was the last expression of his genius on a great matter of public interest. He took a broad view of the question of what was called the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. The dismemberment of France excited in him no regret. He wrote, "The question for the Germans in this crisis is not one of 'magnanimity,' of 'heroic' pity and forgiveness to a fallen foe, but of solid prudence and practical consideration what the fallen foe will in all likelihood do when once on his feet again." Carlyle abhorred the horrid Napoleonic policy which had in its vulgar ambition sought the destruction of German unity and centralisation. Napoleon III. commenced a wicked war, and France received a well-merited flagellation. The overthrow at Sedan laid her at the feet of Germany, and the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine completed the catalogue of her merited dishonour. It must have been a pleasure and a surprise both to Germany and Carlyle to see France so speedily get upon her feet again and address herself to the difficult and stern work of creating a government and order out of the anarchic elements, mutilated and disordered in all parts of the country. It was in 1874 we saw Carlyle, lean and feeble, seeking the balmy freshness of Chiselhurst. The autumn leaves were getting brown, and the cornfields were yellow, ready for the harvest. He stood still and gazed upon that red brick house in which the widowed Empress, the beautiful Eugenie, lay sorrowing over her own and France's great loss. A tear started in his eye, a sigh escaped his lips, and he turned away from the gilded gates of Camden House across the common, standing a moment to look again upon that melancholy pile, and then made his way through the furze bushes and was lost to view.

The health of Mr. Carlyle now began to show greater signs of weakness, and great care had to be taken of him. As the close of the year 1880 approached, it became painfully clear that his grand spirit would soon find another home, with the dear ones in the summer-land. The new year said to him, "I am your last in this world." A few days more, and he lies prostrated. All eyes are turned to that sickroom. The newspapers copy the daily bulletins issued from Cheyne Row. Helpless and unconscious, there he awaited his emancipation, which came to him at half-past eight o'clock on February 5th, 1881, at the ripe age of eighty-five years and two months. He chose to be buried in his Annandale home, where his father and mother had been resting many years. Ecclefechan, which gave him to the world, took him back again unto herself, except that spark of intelligence which has become the universal possession of humanity. Dean Stanley, that good and learned friend of his, offered a place of burial among the illustrious English dead—to rest among kings, queens, soldiers, and men of genius, the makers of English history—but it was respectfully declined.

Mr. Carlyle had many portraits taken. There is a full-length sketch by "Crowquill" (Daniel Maclise), which was published in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1833. In Foster's collection, at South Kensington, the original drawing is preserved. Mitchell produced a sketch by Count D'Orsay, in 1839. There are numerous photographs of him, by different artists. Watts did an oil painting of him about fifteen years ago, also to be found at South Kensington. Lately, we have an admirable one by Mr. Whistler, who caught Mr. Carlyle's features and appearance with wonderful power of expression

peculiar to him. This picture will make the face and form of Mr. Carlyle as familiar to future generations as they are to us.

The physiological and phrenological organisation of him was most distinctive and interesting. A stranger meeting him in a railway station would have been struck with his appearance and remarkable individuality. What we may call the elegance of dress and fashion had no charm for him. There was an agreeable careless negligence about his dress and manner which at once told you he despised the empty elegancies of fashionable modern society, and pointed him out as a man of judgment and sense. His constitution indicated a large reserve of physical power. Every fibre of his strong constitution was full of nervous energy and exhaustless power. He had a taste for gymnastic exercises, and took great delight in walking and riding. He trained both body and mind systematically, and never allowed the equilibrium of nervous and physical force to be disturbed. He gave none of his vitality to feed the thought which ought to be devoted to the feeding of the body. He studied well the physical basis of health, and preserved a great share of it. Hence he had power to sustain life long beyond the allotted time of threescore years and ten. His phrenological organisation indicated a large development of the base of the brain—very large perceptive faculties. They gave him great power of observation and command of the facts of experience and history. With these faculties small a great literary character is impossible. He was a keen observer of men and things, and had great natural power of memory. Anything which struck him as worthy kept a place in his memory, to

be called forth when wanted in its proper order. He had large individuality. His interest was intense in anything to which he chose to bend his mind, and he marked with caution the distinctive peculiarities belonging to fact, man, and thing. He had large language and power of verbal expression. His thoughts assumed many shapes sometimes in giving a full expression. He had a retentive grasp of historical facts and incidents, and had a rare memory of dates and places. He had a reservoir of power in causality and comparison. He could analyse, dissect, and dissolve a proposition. He had a clear sight, and went to the point without circumlocution. His truth and reasoning went deep, and his mind had more of reasoning power than sentimental or emotional power. He had a broad humour and cutting wit, and could seize upon the ridiculous in an opponent's view at once. He had little mechanical power of contrivance, and would display only moderate power of method in his impromptu productions. His order was cultivated, and his mental contrivances were more the result of culture than nature. In no sense was he a man endowed with a love of money. He prudently esteemed avarice, but knew none of its experiences. He had a large moral brain, a prominent benevolence, a predominant conscientiousness, and large hope. He could easily get over his trouble, and his critical mind leaned towards the bright side of life and things. He had veneration of a sort, but it was cold and critical. He had no faith in the supernatural, and cared little for popular theologies. His sense of worship was pure, spiritually free from form and ceremony—æsthetic. He adored energy and true greatness. He bared his head

before talent ennobled with a sincere and commendable purpose. He had no veneration for mere mediocrity. He cared nothing for purposeless, milk-and-water, *dilettante* notability. He venerated the wise and the strong in history. He was no vulgar adorer of popularity and success. He had great will-power and force of character, and was not easily persuaded. When he took a side he was in earnest, and did his work for it well. When he struck he struck in earnest and with deep meaning. His character was neither effeminate nor weak, but, on the contrary, he had a strong Scotch sense of independence. It was the most prized jewel in his soul. He bartered it away to no party. He had a strong love of approbation. If the citadel of his nature was pregnable at all, this was the only vulnerable point through which the conqueror could hope to succeed in storming it. He valued aright his honour and good name. In his nature there was a great deal of natural fighting power. He had force of character and a manly reserve of combative power which stood him well through the emergencies of life. There was a deep secretiveness, or inner current of thought, about him which surged and swayed until broken into shape, but always a sense remained that all was not said which he could say upon the subject. He had a fair share of ideality and sublimity. His cultivated imagination was restrained in its flights by the firm hold his intellect had upon it. He conceived a fine ideal for himself. The ideal of society was the useful and the wise. He had a cultivated taste and a love of the beautiful, was fond of paintings, poetry, and eloquence, and an admirer of the sublime. He would be at home threading the mazy labyrinths of poetry and the mystic